

ACME

JUNE 22, 1968 / THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

ROLLING STONE

A SPECIAL REPORT:

LOS ANGELES SCENE



The Missing Bob Dylan Album

ROLLING STONE

JUNE 22, 1968
VOL. II, No. 2
(WHOLE NO. 12)
THIRTY-FIVE CENTS



Beatles Dump the Maharishi - See Page 18

DYLAN'S BASEMENT TAPE SHOULD BE RELEASED

BY JANN WENNER

Two months before he went to Nashville to record *John Wesley Harding*, Bob Dylan spent some time in the basement of his upstate New York home. There he made a rough but very listenable tape with thirteen songs.

There is enough material — most all of it very good — to make an entirely new Bob Dylan record, a record with a distinct style of its own. Although it is highly unlikely that Dylan would want to go into the studio to record material that is now seven or eight months old, nonetheless these tapes could easily be remastered and made into a record. The concept of a cohesive record is already present.

Whatever the original intention of the session, what happened was that Dylan and his band made a demo, a collection of songs vaguely arranged and fitted to instrumentals, for other artists to audition to see if they would like to record any of the material. One of the songs on the tape

—“Quinn the Eskimo” or “The Mighty Quinn”—reached the top position on radio surveys in a version by the English group Manfred Mann. Another of them, and one of the best —“This Wheel’s On Fire”—has just been released in England in a version by British vocalist Julie Driscoll and organist Brian Auger. Their version is supposed to be quite good and will probably be released shortly in the United States.

The group backing Dylan on this tape is called the Crackers. Formerly they were the Hawks. The band, which lives with Dylan at his home, consists of Levon Helm on drums, Rick Danko on bass and Robbie Robertson on guitar. They accompanied him at Carnegie Hall for the recent Woody Guthrie Memorial program. Robbie Robertson has been working with Dylan for the past three years.

The instrumentation is closest to *Blonde on Blonde*, including an organ, an electric bass, drums and two guitars, acoustic and electric. The singing is more closely related to *John Wesley Harding*, however. The

style is typically Dylan: humorous, rock-and-roll with repetitive patterns. One of the things peculiar to this tape is that Dylan is working with a group; there is more interaction between him and the instrumentalists than can be seen in any of his other efforts, plus there is vocal backup in the choruses from his band.

The quality of the recording is fairly poor, it was a one-track, one-take job with all the instruments recorded together. The highs and lows are missing, but Dylan’s voice is clear and beautiful. Additionally the tape has probably gone through several dozen dubs, each one losing a little more quality.

Here is a summary of some of the songs:

Million Dollar Bash: In the background of all Dylan’s material is the style of rock and roll, and in this song is the sing-songy tune and the “ooo-baby, ooooh-wee, ooo-baby ooo-weee” chorus. The song is just a funny one, about people who run around like chickens with their heads

cut off (“I get up in the morning, but it’s too early to wake”) trying to get someplace or other, including a good party, like the Million Dollar Bash where everybody ends up anyway.

Yea Heavy and a Bottle of Bread: This will probably not be recorded by anyone, because it isn’t terribly good. The imagery is *Highway 61*, the melody non-existent. (“The comic book and me caught the bus, then the chauffeur she was back in bed.”)

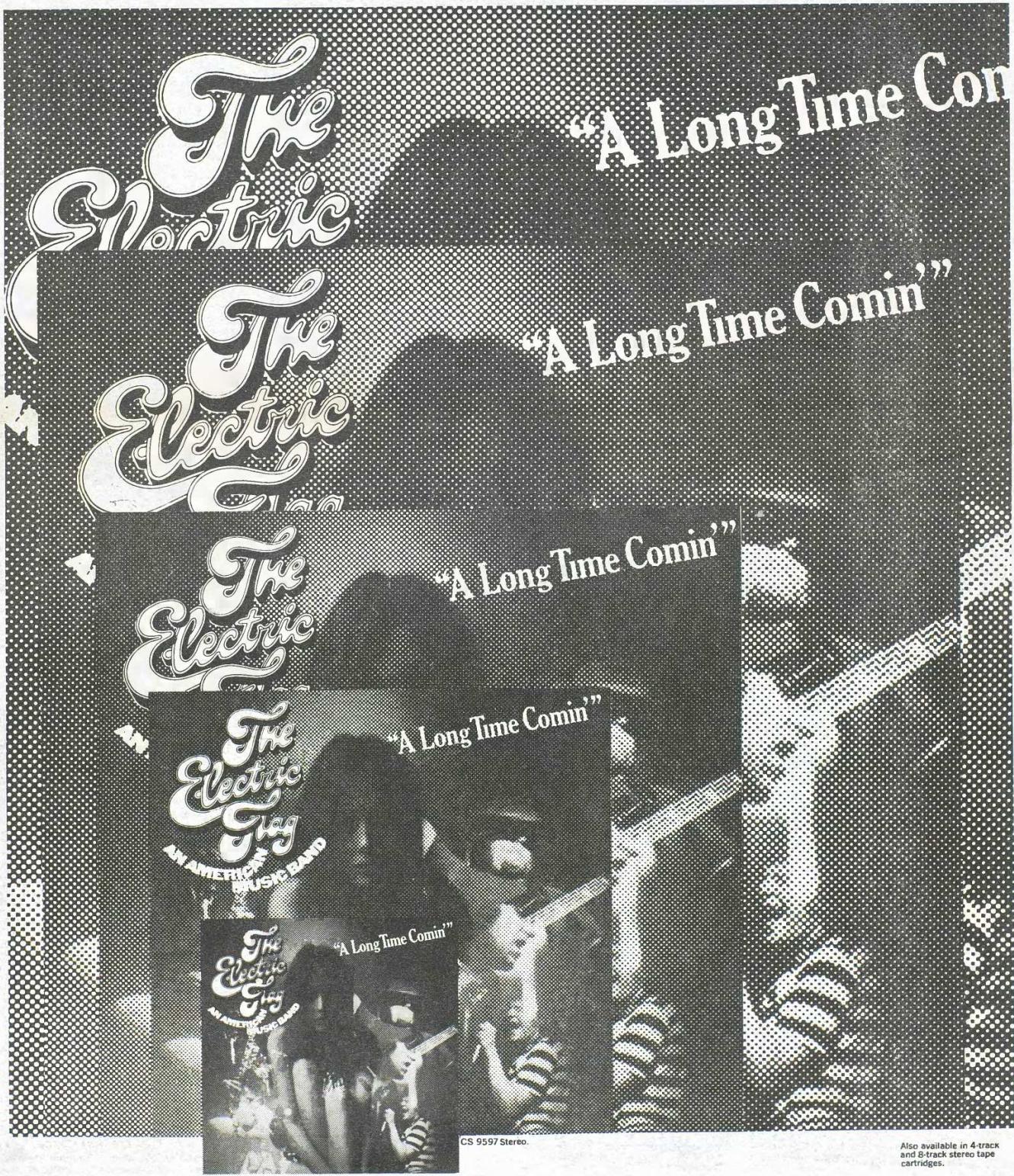
Please Mrs. Henry starts out like a Johnny Cash song, a tale about a poor cat without a dime and with too much to drink. (“I’m a sweet bourbon daddy and tonight I am blue.”) It is indicative of where Dylan was headed because it’s about a man who’s hit some hard times and needs a little help. The song is a sort of swaying “Rainy Day Women” number, but without all the laughing and hoopla.

Down In The Flood: Flatt & Scruggs did this song. In Dylan’s ver-

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CORRESPONDENCE, LOVE LETTERS & ADVICE

SIRS:

Jimi Hendrix, who never ceases to amaze the wierdest of people, has been doing a great deal of jamming here on the East Coast. During the month of March, he's played with everyone from Mike Bloomfield to Jim Morrison. The jam is probably the best source of new material and the only way to experiment freely with anything. Jimi bought a four track stereo tape recorder recently and has been taping all his jam sessions for future reference.

Jim Morrison (another Sagittarian named James), had to be dragged off stage when he sat or should I say fell in with Hendrix at the Scene recently. He gets drunk and can't control himself, knocking over mike stands and falling on his back a few times for show—they took him away after he tried to make love to Jimi's guitar while singing some beautiful blues thing he made up.

Jimi is using different musicians on some of the cuts of his forthcoming triple album, to be released whenever it's finished. I've already played harp on a number called "My Friend" (a funky blues) and made some barroom noises with Steve Stills and Kenny of the Fugs for the aforementioned.

Another song he's doing completely on his own is called "I Dreamed I Was a Mermaid in 1984." He plays bass, drums, lead and rhythm and whatever else he might need at the time.

He's been doing a super-human bit of touring all over the country, and may someday create his own universe just to get away from the interviewers and fans in this one. His writing is similar to Lennon's "I Am the Walrus" (if compared on a practical surrealistic level), but describes a more tangible obscurity than Dylan's or Lennon's.

He will also do Dylan's "All Along the Watchtower" in his typically explosive style and perform open-heart

surgery on nearly every musician in the business in the long run.

Someday the U.F.O.s will find out about him.

PAUL CARUSO
NEW YORK CITY

SIRS:

This "controversy" between Ralph J. Gleason and members of the Electric Flag has gone too far.

Who cares if Pig Pen can sing or not, or if some artists are not as "authentic" as they could be. The only criteria for judging an artist is the way he sounds. If you dig what he does that's fine. If you don't, that's OK too, but let's stop this name-calling.

KATHY BROWN
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

SIRS:

It seems to me that Richard Fannan has somehow let his sexual fantasies get in the way of his evaluation of the Shangri-las and the Ronettes in issue No. 10. (This, of course, does not mean to condemn his sexual fantasies—they must really be a gas, but they don't quite make it when they get in the way of his musical vision.)

Point 1—on the Ronettes: granted they came on sexually strong, granted that when we watched them we all squirmed in our seats, a little moaning, but S-M overtones? And somehow, even in an incredibly screwed-up America, I can't really see records talking about "Walkin' in the rain/Feelin' all the stars up above/And being so in love," being sold under the counter.

And the Shangri-las? He really has to be kidding. Just look at the cover of the *Leader of the Pack* album; that blonde, blue-eyed Virgin Mary type is about "stag movies about fellatio and Hell's Angel's branding their women?" Wow, no matter how hard the Shangri-las ever tried to

come on, you always knew that they still cut out pictures of Ricky Nelson to hang on their walls.

If Mr. Fannan really wants to find out where the sex lies in pre-Beatle American rock, he has only to look. Hell, anyone can see what the Marvelettes were begging for when they sang, "Please, Mr. Postman." Mick Jagger is being very unoriginal in the light of all those groups who sang "To spend one night with you (wee-ooo)/In our old rendezvous (wee-ooo)/ . . . That's My Desire." We don't have to go into the symbolism of what the Chordettes meant when they sang "Call my baby lollipop . . ." And if you really want to get gross, check out the yonic and phallic meaning in *The One-Eyed, One-Horned Flying Purple People Eater*. Man, you don't get much further down to the nitty-gritty than that.

LENNY KAYE
NEW YORK CITY

SIRS:

First of all, I would like to tell you that I enjoy your paper very much. To date it is the best coverage of the pop music scene that I have laid eyes on.

Actually what I am writing about is Nick Gravenites' put down of Gleason. I read Gleason's broadside at Bloomfield a couple of issues ago and I felt like throwing up. I think it goes without saying that Bloomfield will be remembered like, say, Charlie Parker—a legend, giant, etc. In light of this, why the hell does Gleason waste your space with trivialities! Instead of picking up on, and bringing to your readers, interesting aspects of Bloomfield, his background and his music, Gleason takes time out to clobber him with an article that said essentially: "You're not black, Mike, so forget it."

It's true Gleason can be interesting, but lately he seems to be getting into a "black-white bag," as Gravenites

says. In essence, he seems to be dredging up problems that don't have to be there—if a man's music is lousy, sans soul, etc., you don't need a photograph of him to figure it out. This is why I was delighted to read Gravenites' article. It's about time somebody scolded Ralph and told him to forget about the visual and get back to what he knows best, the musical.

WARNER PLOWDEN
SAN FRANCISCO

SIRS:

After reading your May 25th issue I firmly believe that your paper really digs knocking the Boston Sound. I direct this in particular to your nowhere man, R. J. Gleason. This is not the first time you have done it, but this time you really made me blow my cool.

You know what Boston is? It's old, super-conservative, and really up-tight. They have tried to silence the underground paper, allow no so-called head music to be played on radio, and last summer even declared "open war" on Boston's hip people.

For the Boston groups to have emerged from a womb such as this is an accomplishment. Sure, they are not great, but they are good. A little time to develop their own thing, and who knows.

Boston is feeling its oats, and has finally developed an awareness of what's happening. Any day of the week you can see people on Boston Commons, doing their thing, rapping about the really important things in life, and in general expanding their minds.

On the weekends the Boston groups play in the Commons for free, and everybody who digs it, does it.

Yes, it's going to be a "long time coming," but it will happen.

JEFFREY SAMUELS
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.
—Continued on Page 22

Stones Playing With Fire Again

The Rolling Stones are back with a bang—Mick Jagger has been signed for his first dramatic film role and the group's new single, "Jumpin' Jack Flash," is being released on May 24.

The record, written by Jagger and Keith Richard, is reported to be a return to the fiery old days of the Stones. It's a step away from the avant-garde sounds of their last album to the excitement of the "Satisfaction" days. The B side, another Jagger-Richard composition, is "Child of the Moon."

Mick makes his acting debut in *The Performers*, for Warner Bros.-Seven Arts. The film tells

the story of a pop musician who has "dropped out" of the social stream of contemporary life, until he meets a vicious gangster, played by actor James Fox. The widescreen color production, under the direction of Donald Cammell (author of the screenplay) and Nicholas Roeg, will feature a musical score by Jagger and his performance of one song.

The results of the extensive recording sessions undertaken by the Stones over the last few weeks will be seen in June. A new album, so far untitled, will be released, with cover photographs taken by David Bailey.

Byrds Do The Country Thing

The new Byrds have cut an album, partly on their home ground in Hollywood, and partly in Nashville, where they made an appearance in the Grand Ol' Opry. Country and Western is their new sound—their old one too, as their original personnel included former Bluegrass folkies, but never so pronounced as now. The trio of Roger McGuinn, Chris Hillman and Mike Clark, heard on *The Notorious Byrd Brothers*, has replaced Clark on drums with Hillman's cousin, Kevin Kelley, and expanded into a

Fugs Celebrate

The Fugs helped Los Angeles celebrate "D for Decency" Week by staging a "magic ceremony" involving a voluptuous woman, a bed, a carrot, and the image of a Los Angeles County Supervisor noted for his anti-smut campaigns—all this in the parking lot of the Kaleidoscope, where the Fugs were beginning a two-day gig.

Object of the ceremony was L. A. Supervisor Warren Dorn, who initiated the recent Decency Week campaign.

Said Fug Ed Sanders prior to their special ceremony: "Using the magical phenomenon known as illusionary teleportation, the Fugs, chanters, and gropelocks will spiritually project a beautiful young vulva-flower volunteer into the dreams of Mr. Dorn

quartet with the addition of Gram Parsons, composer of "Hickory Wind."

They originally planned a variety of material for the album, but the Nashville setting and the addition of Parsons, who hails from Georgia, got them so involved in C&W that all eleven cuts will be country music. Among the songs will be Bob Dylan's "You Ain't Going Nowhere," their current single, and a number of tunes by Parsons, including "You Don't Miss Your Water," "Like The Christian Life," and "One Hundred Years From Now."

Decency Week

to offer her body, gates, and caresses in the service of his sensual fulfillment." This is what they attempted to do—quite literally.

At midnight, when Mr. Dorn was presumed to be asleep, the Fugs arrived in a 1931 Dodge, the closest they could come to a 1938 Dodge. A young woman emerged from the back seat, jumped into a waiting bed in the parking lot, and went into a trance. It is impossible to describe delicately what happened next (involving the young woman and the carrot). The gathered crowd began chanting, "Culminate... culminate... culminate..." and then joined the Fugs in singing "My Country 'Tis of These."

Mother Earth Sighs, Signs & Sings

Mother Earth, prominent for over a year on the San Francisco ballroom circuit, has signed a recording contract with Mercury Records, headquartered in Chicago, for a substantial sum. Their first album, *Living With The Animals*, should be released in August. The title tune and several others—"The Kingdom of Heaven is Within You," and "Marvel Group"—are the compositions of vocalist/mouth-organist R. Powell St. John (also the author of Janis Joplin's number, "Bye Bye Baby.")

The group, which is managed by the San Francisco Oracle's editor-publisher Travis Rivers, features the gospel-oriented blues singing of female vocalist Tracy Nelson. Tracy's compositions on the album will be "Rock Star Bossa Nova Blues" and "Down So Low." Elvin Bishop, of the original Paul Butterfield Band, will guest on the album. The regular members of the group are Mark Naftalin (another Butterfield alumnus), organ and piano; George W. Rains, drums; Janice Garfalt, bass; and Herbert Thomas, guitar.

Soul Labels Find New Home

Stax-Volt Records and its affiliate, East Coast Publishing, have been acquired by Paramount Pictures, ending an eight-year association with Atlantic Records. No change in the company's soul music policy is anticipated.

Atlantic provided U.S. and world distribution for Stax and Volt label records. All Stax-Volt material released during the eight-year period will be retained by Atlantic and released under its own labels, including the unreleased masters by the late Otis Redding.

Unaffected by the change are

Sam and Dave, who, although released on Stax, are actually under contract to Atlantic. Their future issues will be on the Atlantic label and arrangements have been made to use the Stax production team of David Porter and Isaac Hayes for their recordings.

Jerry Wexler, executive vice-president of Atlantic, said that the Stax association had not only been productive "in terms of creativity of great artists, but has also engendered warm and wonderful relationships and enduring friendships."



LINDA EASTMAN

JAGGER PLANS TO TOUR AGAIN; NEW STONES ALBUM READY

BY BOB DAWBARN

LONDON

To reach the Rolling Stones' plush new London office you step into an ancient lift which looks not unlike the Tardis—and takes off with the same startling disregard of gravity. Once upstairs, we were greeted, not by Dr. Who, but by Mick Jagger, seated at a conference table dressed in brown corduroy jacket, pink frilled shirt, green trousers and black shoes.

Munching sunflower seeds we listened to the new Stones single, "Jumpin' Jack Flash." It's a driving, bluesy piece with just the five Stones—easily their most commercial single in quite a while. We wondered if it was a deliberate move back.

"It's very basic," agreed Mick. "But we didn't say: 'Right, we'll go backwards.' All you are really saying is that it has a good beat—it's not weird and full of electric sounds."

"We could do it on stage. In fact we have done—for a film for Top Of The Pops. We did it live, with no backing track or anything."

"We didn't do it as a single. We are over half way through the new album and it was difficult picking which track should be the single because they are all quite good for singles."

"The only person on the album so far, apart from the Stones, is Dave Mason. There's one song, a ballad, that I think we will use an orchestral on, but most of the tracks are up-tempo things, all our own stuff. We rehearsed quite a long time, before we started recording, in a studio in Surrey."

Mick said the reason they now had Jimmy Miller producing their discs was largely because of the physical difficulties of recording and producing at the same time.

"It doesn't mean we do everything we are told in the studio now," he went on. "Actually, we did some of the single on a Cassette tape recorder, which is a pretty mad way of making a record."

"We were all round at my house and we were recording everything. We got such weird sounds on drums and guitar with the Cassette that we

decided to use it. Charlie was just playing toy drums but we liked it and thought 'So why not use it?' We recorded again over the top of it."

Will British audiences ever see the Stones on stage again?

"I think you will," said Mick. "I'd certainly like to, and I don't see why not. But you can't go on forever, just going round the country. There are other things to do—like going round the country and actually looking at it instead. I like working, but traveling all the time—no!"

Mick seems completely unscathed by the Stones' trials and tribulations of the last year. We asked how bad publicity affected him.

"I get used to hard knocks I don't notice much," he said. "And anyway, I don't get knocked by the people I respect. The publicity thing has been like that for five years now. The arrest thing did screw us up last year. Looking at it objectively now, it screwed us up as far as records go, and performing, because we just didn't feel like doing any of it."

"But I was surprised at some of the support we got. It helped to balance things up. Reading what the Times had to say was one thing that made me feel people are fair. Actually, I felt like packing up last year, but it was just a feeling that passed."

Ask Mick if he plans for the future and he says: "I don't think more than a few bars ahead."

Asked about his business interests, Mick told us: "My interests are all in music. And movies—I have several things going in films which are nothing to do with me as a performer."

"Then this office grows. I just let it ride along and it just grows. I don't have to do much about it beyond vaguely telling people what to do."

Mick is to make his acting debut in a Warner Bros.-Seven Arts film, *The Performers*.

"I'm going to play a kind of drop-out," he said. "It's all your acting bit. I've been working quite hard on it because I have to understand the person before I play him. Shooting is due to start in July."

"There is also the Stones film

—Continued on Page 22

"The singing and original material on this album are brilliant...a very impressive debut."

Jon Landau, Rolling Stone

"Earth Opera's first album shows a nice, carefully-constructed beauty and they must be considered an important group."

Mike Jahn, Bell-McClure Syndicate

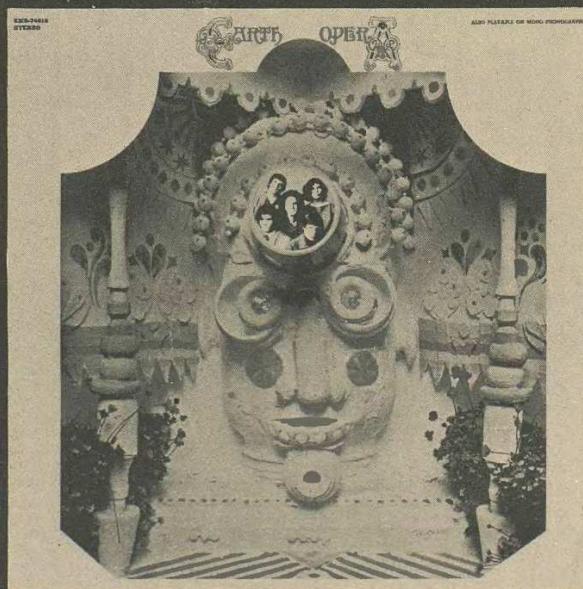
"Unlimited artistic achievement...a masterpiece of poetry and musical form."

Bruce Harris, Hunter College Envoy

"The dullest album I've heard in months."

Richard Goldstein, Village Voice

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Hog Heads Hit the Pill People

Two dozen rock fans were hospitalized on May 18 at the Northern California Folk-Rock Festival held in Santa Clara, due to some mysterious orange pills handed out by a couple who called themselves Hog Man and Hog Woman. At one point in the concert a girl leaped on the stage and shouted to the 8000 in attendance, "We're all on hog," and then encouraged them to take the pills. The Hog's medicine was too strong for the two dozen, however, who spent the night in the hospital com-

plaining of violently upset stomachs.

The Festival itself, run by a private promoter in connection with San Francisco pop station KYA, was considered to be worth the money, although, as a commercial production, not much in terms of a festival. Saturday, Hog Day, was also San Francisco Day, featuring the Steve Miller Blues Band, the Greatful Dead, Big Brother and the Holding Company and Jefferson Airplane, while Sunday featured the Electric Flag and the Doors.

KMPX Strikers Find A New Home

The striking KMPX disk jockeys returned to the air on May 21 on a new station, and in the wake of the two-month strike three San Francisco FM stations are now programming something like the KMPX-originated progressive-rock format 24 hours a day. The strikers arranged with Reid Leath of KSAN, formerly a classical music station, to take over programming on conditions that accorded with the demands they had made against KMPX when they walked out, and all the disk jockeys (except the strikebreaking Larry Miller) and salesmen have joined KSAN.

Because of labor agreements the engineers (including Dusty Street, Suzy Sweetsmile and Katy Johnson) will not be joining them immediately, but will produce ads and hour-long sound collages.

Sales Manager Milan Melvin emphasized that the strikers learned a lot about themselves and the nature of their thing during the strike, and the staff has plans for deeper community involvement with their new station,

including having advisory committees from the rock groups, producing concerts and benefits for the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic and the Hunter's Point and Mission District Projects (for the Negro and Latin communities respectively), and setting up speakers in parks and various parts of San Francisco to broadcast KSAN. The station will remain unchanged in two respects: a maximum of eight ads per hour will be scheduled (and none for acne creams and the like). The Sunday evening live symphony broadcasts will be retained also, on vote of the disk jockeys.

Meanwhile, KMPX continues to broadcast with a new string of announcers, generally conceded to be improved over the motley crew of scabs and student DJ's that immediately replaced the strikers, and KOIT, the sister station of the big local AM pop station KYA, has moved to a 24-hour rock format, like KSAN featuring album cuts and an eight-commercial maximum.

Buffalo Springfield Goes to Pasture

The Buffalo Springfield, one of the most outstanding Los Angeles rock groups, disbanded on May 5 because of a combination of internal hassle, extreme fatigue coupled with absence of national success, and run-ins with the fuzz. The group, although formed in Los Angeles, consisted essentially of native Canadians—Steve Stills and Neil Young, who shared lead vocal and guitar spots; Bruce Palmer, second of the three bass players to join the group; Dewey Martin, drummer; and Richie Furay, who sang lead and played rhythm guitar.

Although the group's blend of the voicings and rhythms of rock and country music was highly regarded, only their third single,

"For What It's Worth," a song about the youth-police conflict on Sunset Strip in late 1966, was successful nationwide. The group had its own conflict on March 20 when Young and Furay were busted with Jim Messina (Bruce Palmer had been busted months before and deported to Canada) in the same raid that captured Eric Clapton of Cream, on charges of possession of marijuana.

Plans for individual members of the group are indefinite, although Steve says he would like to join another group, possibly replacing Al Kooper in Blood, Sweat and Tears. Neil Young will try it as a single, and Richie Furay and Jim Messina want to operate as a writing and producing team.

New York Summer Pop Scene Set

The Forest Hills Music Festival opens on June 22 with Nancy Wilson and the Fifth Dimension. Scattered through the next eight weeks of the Saturday-night concert series will

be such pop stars as Judy Collins, Arlo Guthrie, Diana Ross and the Supremes, the Bee Gees, Spooky and Our Gang, Simon and Garfunkel, and King Curtis with his King-Pins.

A Starting Film With Jimi Hendrix

The Jimi Hendrix Experience has made a 30-minute color TV film incorporating some startling new techniques of visual presentation. The film, first in a new pop series by British producer John Marshall, created tremendous impact when it was screened for a group of international music executives at the Montreux Festival, and was immediately sold for transmission in Scandinavia, Holland, Finland, Czechoslovakia and Poland. American, German and Japanese viewers may also experience the

Experience, as negotiations are underway with their TV companies.

The second film, to be completed in June, stars the Incredible String Band, and the third will be "The Blues Scene in Britain." Extracts from the films as they are made will probably be regularly shown on the Who's autumn BBC-TV series, *My Generation*. Possible future subjects are the Kinks, Donovan and the Rolling Stones, with the strong possibility of some American rock groups as well.



RAYON WOLMAN

MAMA WILLIE MAE THORNTON: 'THE BLUES SATISFIES THE EAR'

BY RALPH J. GLEASON

"People talk about the blues comin' back. The blues have never left. The blues will never leave."

Big Mama Willie Mae Thornton laid it down like that in the dressing room at the Both/And and when Big Mama lays it down, that's how it is.

"The blues satisfies the ear," she said waving her huge arm to emphasize the point. "They can hear what you're sayin' if you sing them fast or slow. In the blues you get more feelin', you got to really understand the blues to play the blues.

"I can sing them all when I put my mind to it."

"Rock 'n' roll? That's nothin' but the blues speeded up. Now I never sang pop. I never really wanted to. What do I want to go out there and try to be like Ella Fitzgerald for? I want to be me."

Big Mama is the singer who made "Houn' Dog" a hit before Elvis Presley even recorded it.

"But I didn't write it, Lieber and Stoller wrote it. That was back in 1953. I was singing with Johnny Otis' band and we were recording in Hollywood for Peacock Records out of Houston. They were just a couple of kids then and they had this song written out on the back of a brown paper bag. So I started to sing the words and put in some of my own. All that talkin' and hollerin', that's my own. That song sold over two million copies. I never got what I should have. I got one check for \$500 and I never seen another. All I'm tryin' to do now is get another 'Houn' Dog.' Big Mama grinned but there was sadness behind the grin.

"I like my own down home singing, with the feeling I learned the blues by myself. The first blues I ever heard was Bessie Smith, Memphis Minnie and Big Maceo. My singing comes from experience. My own experience. My own feeling. I got my own feelin' for everything."

"I never had no one teach me nothin'. I never went to school for music or nothin'. I stayed home to take care of my mother who was sick. I taught myself to sing and to blow harmonica and even to play drums by watching other people! I can't read music but I know what I'm singing! If I hear a blues I like, I try to sing it my own way. It's always best to have something of your own. I don't sing like nobody but myself!"

Willie Mae Thornton got the name "Big Mama" when she was billed in a battle of the blues with Little Esther.

"Big Mama Thornton and Little Esther" they put on the posters. I been singing since I was 15 years old and I left Montgomery, Alabama, with Sammy Green's Hot Harlem Review. I played opposite Johnny Otis' show with Little Esther in 1952 and I didn't have no records and I was singing the Domino's song, 'Have Mercy, Baby' and I stole the show!

"I went with Johnny Otis and we played the Apollo in New York and that's where they made their mistake! They put me on first. I wasn't out there to put no one off stage. I was out there to get known and I did! I stopped the show. They had to put the curtain down. Little Esther never got on that first show. That's when they put my name in lights and Mr. Schiffman, the manager, came backstage hollerin' to Johnny Otis and poking me in the arms with his finger—it was sore for a week. 'You said you had a star and you got a star! That's your star! You got to put her on to close the show!'

"I traveled with Johnny Otis but I went even further on my own after I recorded 'Houn' Dog.' That man put it on the shelf and when I switched on the radio one day and heard the man saying 'Houn' Dog' by Big Mama and I had to go out and buy that record. I had forgotten how I did it. And then I had to buy a record player, I didn't have one to play it on and I sat there in my dressing room, me and that record player, learning my own record all over again!"

After her travels in the early 50's and several other hit discs on the R&B lists, Big Mama spent several years in Santa Cruz and Oakland in relative obscurity playing drums and harp as well as singing in small groups.

Then in 1964 she appeared in a blues afternoon at the Monterey Jazz festival and since then she has toured Europe (appearing on German TV in a blues special), the U.S. (playing the Monterey Jazz Festival, Carnegie Hall) and appearing on several TV shows.

In the past two years she has appeared several times at the Fillmore Ballroom as well as playing night clubs in Los Angeles and San Francisco. She records for Arhoolie Records.

In the morning of GREATNESS.



CS 9624 (Stereo Only)

Grace Slick and some others had a group called The Great Society. They played Longshoreman's Hall, the Fillmore, Mother's, the Avalon, the Matrix. The Great Society disbanded. But it lives in Grace Slick. In the San Francisco sound. In "White Rabbit." In "Somebody to Love."

Grace Slick and
San Francisco rock when they were younger.

On Columbia Records

John J. Rock

KAAHWHUMP: More than 3000 people paid \$1.00 each and gathered in an isolated grassy ravine near Duvall, Washington, underneath sunny and warm Sunday skies last month to watch the great helicopter "piano drop." Country Joe and the Fish provided the music while everyone waited for the helicopter. The benefit for KRAB, a listener sponsored FM station in Seattle, was stalled for a few minutes while a dog romped into the piano's target area. Everyone was asked to whistle, and the dog pranced to the edge of the crowd. The helicopter soared overhead. The piano dropped. The crowd went "Ooooooooh!" The piano went "Kaahwhump" and shattered with an indescribable final chord, and the crowd said "Aaah!"

* * *

SIGNINGS OF THE TIMES: MGM-Verve inadvertently let their option on Frank Zappa and the Mothers pass, so a week later he told them that he was forming his own record company, too bad for you. MGM-Verve will distribute the new Zappa label. . . Junior Wells has left Vanguard (like so many of their old artists except Joan Baez) and has signed with Mercury who will inaugurate a new label (Bluerock) with his first release. . . Johnny Cash has re-signed with Columbia Records a long-term contract. . . The Melting Pot, three ex-Mother Earthers, including tenorist Martin Fierro and pianist Wayne Talbot, have signed with Mercury. Talbot sings somewhat like Ray Charles, and, according to Mike Bloomfield, is a "heavy," while Martin is at least in the Tom Scott-Steve Marcus league. The Jim Kewskin Band and Jug have gone separate ways. Goodbye.

* * *

SORRY 'BOUT DAT: Elektra President Jac Holzman brings this correction: Roosevelt Gook is not Blindboy Grunt, but actually Al Kooper; Blindboy is still who I said he was and Jac is on a seven-week vacation in Tahiti. No small wonder.

* * *

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE DRUNKEN SAILOR: The bottle is back in style—ask Grace Slick, who told a Los Angeles underground reporter how she got drunk on stage while performing. Or better yet, ask Jim Morrison. In fact, you could even ask Tallulah Bankhead.

* * *

ALBERT GROSSMAN must be relieved. Just as the competition from his look-alike, Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, was getting severe, now the Mash is back on the streets again and no longer threatening to become a pop group manager. Meanwhile, too bad for Liberty Records (which holds the Maharishi's recording contract); Thom McCann shoes and their Raga Rocker Shoe contests; the company which manufactures Maharishi Meditation Mats and Transcendental Tee-Shirts. They're all up Yogi Creek without a paddle.

* * *

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Grateful Dead (new LP in August) played for the rebelling students at Columbia University in New York, with their equipment set-up for an ultra-quick exit. Such was not necessary . . . New York Times refers to promoter Bill Graham as "William Graham," and Jimi Hendrix calls him "Billy Graham". . . "Across the Universe," a Beatle song recorded at the same time as "Lady Madonna," was planned for use on an all-star Charity LP, but will probably not be released after all. On it George pays sitar, John sings lead, and Ringo plays drum and a coke can . . . The bookkeeper who seems to have embezzled \$52,000 from the Pop Festival wrote out a check in that amount to her husband. On the check, in the space where it says what the payment is for, she wrote "Donation to the Mexican Musical Appreciation Society of Utah."

* * *

AS PREDICTED, the Rome International Pop Festival was a joke. First it was postponed, finally they cut it down from a week to a weekend. Mick Jagger, whose name they used prominently, never came. Donovan (you remember him, a friend of the Maharishi's) was about the only good performer there. In the words of Jonathan Cott, Stone's London correspondent who was there, it was a "bummer." On Sunday night, only 400 people were in the giant Palazzo del Sport.

* * *

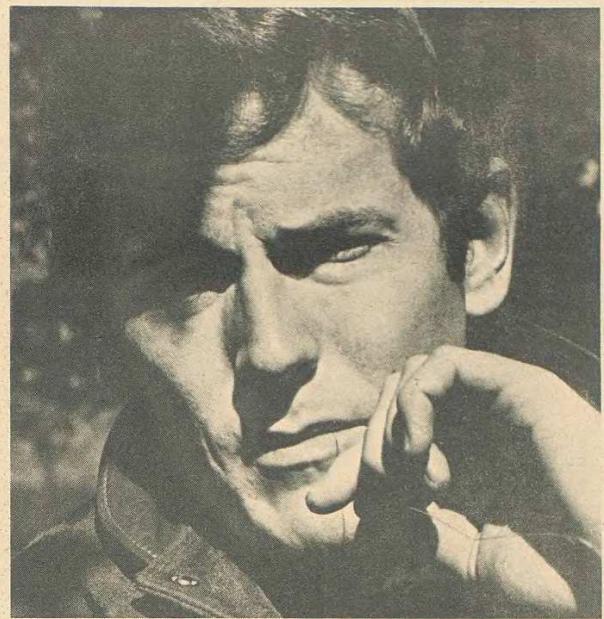
THE BEATLES AGAIN: While on TV, John and Paul inadvertently did away with the reasoning of all those quick-to-criticize who were saying the Beatles were going downhill and citing *Magical Mystery Tour* (the music) as evidence of that. As they pointed out, that wasn't supposed to be an album, only some soundtrack songs. It was an album in the U.S., only because of the record company. It just can't be compared in a line with *Sgt. Pepper*. So stop complaining.

* * *

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS, a London pop paper, sponsored a concert with Lulu, Dusty Springfield, Scott Walker and a few others in Wembly in the middle of May. The surprise was that the Rolling Stones got up at the end of one show and did two numbers unannounced. They did their new single, "Jumping Jack Flash," characterized as a return to the riffs of "Route 66". The words are something like: "When I was young, I was beat up and left for dead; I got a spike driven right through my head; But it's all right now, in fact it's a gas; It's all right, I'm Jumping Jack Flash, It's a gas, gas gas . . ."

Then the Stones sang "Satisfaction" and split. Jagger was incredible, just like the old days, dancing beautifully, loving the whole thing. At the end of the concert Jagger threw his pair of white shoes to the audience. Beautiful, Mick.

* * *



BY BEN FONG-TORRES

Gordon Lightfoot is a man on the threshold of some very big times—money—in the United States.

The rugged-looking Canadian composer and folksinger, rated the best-selling recording artist in his own country, was in San Francisco late last month for the S. F. State College Folk Music Festival. It was his first appearance in this hilly landing place and launching pad for pop artists; he scored well, winning enthusiastic receptions at a dance and a pair of concerts for his country-tinted compositions, a powerful, easy-flowing voice, and able (if mechanical) backing by guitarist Red Shea and bassist John Stockfish.

His style, really, is rather elementary, with a voice like Marty Robbins', only fuller, and poetry structured for easy adaptation into a routine heavy-beat guitar backing or a routine ballad guitar backing. A physical dynamism on stage could be one of his biggest advantages.

At 29, Lightfoot is best known in the States as the composer of "Early Morning Rain" and "For Loving Me," among 130 songs he's written. But Canada is by far the biggie: he grossed \$250,000 there last year in song and record royalties (3 albums), concerts, and club appearances.

In San Francisco, he roamed the Embarcadero area between Festival appearances, and when he talked, it was about the hip scene in Canada, the impending summer in U.S. cities, and his own development as a prominent artist, "out of the chorus and up front," as he puts it.

To him, Canada is "probably the best country in the world to live in right now, 'cause everything's cool. You have more freedom there."

Freedom doesn't mean immunity to such hangups as drug laws. ("They are stiff up there, too, and there're busts all over the Toronto Village; the R. C. M. P. are our version of the FBI, spying on people and stuff.") But even more concretely, Canadian freedom "means you don't have to go get your ass shot off in Vietnam."

A lot of young men who think along Lightfoot's lines have moved into his country—so many, in fact, that the mass media are focusing on them this year like they did the hippies last year. But, as far as Lightfoot's been able to tell, the Commonwealth nation hasn't changed for the additions. "They just mind their own business and fit right in. People up there are basically exactly the same as they are down here. It's the same culture; the same continent."

Considering Canada's tastes in pop music—with the solo folk stylist Lightfoot at the top—it's apparent that not everything is the same. But bands are cropping up and moving along. Lightfoot says although "it's heavy American music that's most

popular up there," the Paupers and the Kensington Market are heading a small pack of "some really groovy bands coming on."

Lightfoot's own style is derived, he says, from those of Johnny Cash, Bob Gibson, Don Gibson, Ian Tyson, Bob Dylan. Among his first influences was the album Gibson and Camp at the Gate of Horn. "That LP really turned me around," Lightfoot says.

Lightfoot, who started in music ten years ago as a copyist for a Canadian arranger, is now managed by Albert Grossman. And his latest album—his fourth—was produced by John Simon, while the first three were the work of Grossman's ex-partner John Court.

Whoever the producer of his records may be, Lightfoot claims he maintains a big hand in what goes on at sessions. And while he's thirsting for a commercial single in the U. S. to get him off the ground in the States, the hunger pangs are coupled with determination to approach things on his own terms. "When I record a tune, I want to keep it the way I had in mind when I wrote it. It's a rough compromise. Already, I'm being put down by people, dyed-in-the-wool fans in Canada, who are a little uptight because of that string section on the third album."

But artistic growth is essential to Lightfoot. He's finishing up a volume of poetry and plans concerts this summer in Michigan and New York. So he expects to see for himself what he wrote about in one of his "protest" songs, "Black Day in July." If there's a message, he says, it's that "what happened in Detroit is going to happen all over this country if we don't make some very radical changes."

"Someone made a prophecy back in 1928 that the St. Lawrence River would run red along about 1968. We're thinking that when the Civil War breaks out here (in the U. S.), that there's going to be a tremendous influx of people into Canada. And there could be a lot who start coming in this summer. As a matter of fact, there's no telling what type of violence can hit this country."

"I don't think people realize the amount; the fact that when Stokely Carmichael says 'go and get some guns,' he means it, man."

As a composer, Lightfoot makes no real proposals for "very radical changes." "All I can say is 'there it is.' It's up to them boys upstairs who run these countries to get it straight, fast."

"They've got the money, they've got the resources, they've got a bloody good reason, and they've got to clean this country up or it's going to explode like a . . . like a Molotov cocktail!"

And with that cheerful note, Lightfoot leaps back onto the stage to mesmerize the dance-concert audience crowded up to the stage.



STEVE MILLER BAND



PERSPECTIVES: A POWER TO CHANGE THE WORLD

BY RALPH J. GLEASON

In 1938 when Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller and Tommy Dorsey were riding the crest of the swing era popularity, a hit record sold a good deal less than three or four hundred thousand. Some of Goodman's early hits sold less than a hundred thousand.

There were only a couple of disc jockies playing records on the radio and none of them played blues in 1940. CBS's New York outlet wouldn't air an old Ma Rainey disc because the song was not copyrighted.

The generation that is 20 years old now is the first American generation to have grown up with music in its ears from infancy. Only the black people had music as such a constant part of their life before the advent of TV and the transistor radio.

Among the changes this has induced is the fact that white audiences today can keep time. They don't clap as well as a James Brown audience in the ghetto areas, but they clap a thousand times better than their parents did.

Availability of music has meant the prevalence of the concept of entering music or of making music. More people proportionately today are playing music than ever before in our history, thus making fools of those who predicted that recordings, radio, etc., would eliminate live music.

Just as the very possibility of poetry being sung to mass audiences (as illustrated by Bob Dylan and the Beatles among others) has inspired thousands of others to essay the same thing (with greater or lesser success, one should note), so has the whole idea of music as a way of life, as an artistic commitment and as a means of communication attracted hundreds who might, in other times, have been content to live out their lives of quiet desperation.

In the course of firmly declaring their refusal to accept what has been offered them as best for them, which was the lot of the audience of the 30's, 40's and 50's, today's youth insists on defining its own tastes.

It is possible to do this today because of the force of numbers. Enough people can dissent from the norm to make the unusual commercially successful.

Thus "underground radio," the natural concomitant to the underground press, to the rejection of the preconceived values of the universities, of the state and of, and it doesn't stretch a point, the poverty program.

Music is so incredibly universal as a means of communication today that a member of the Poor People's March could testify before Senator Javits and the other Washington marchers using the words "Bob Dylan wrote a song . . . 'Only a Pawn in Their Game'" and not even one TV commentator felt the need to explain it.

All the politicos know the power of music today. Rock bands were driven up the wall by the McCarthy and Kennedy committees during the primary race this spring. Everybody wanted benefits and the way to run a benefit was to run a rock dance. Radical politicos are the worst. Most of them, from the SDS on through the Yippie fragments, are square when it comes to the music itself, but the strength of the music remains.

The audience, certainly in New York and San Francisco and to a

lesser extent in Los Angeles and Denver, is getting a crash course in the history of American popular music by virtue of the juxtaposition of contemporary rock and all kinds of blues from Stax/Volt to Motown to back porch to down home and the rest.

Jazz is beginning to creep in, although the insularity of rock audiences (and rock musicians, some of them) is really juvenile. It has something to do with the whole struggle to make rock into something more than musical delinquency which has gone on for over 10 years now. In England the process of acquaintance with American popular music which preceded the Beatles' emergence (and has been a corollary to it) was all conducted in a much more logical, sequential and rational way. At a time when none of the Beach Boys' audience had heard of Howlin' Wolf, he was well known in England.

Brainwashed America has not disappeared and you can see the faces even in the Fillmore and the other concert halls still. American audiences are less discriminating, take almost anything that's offered and, with few exceptions, exercise little judgment.

The Cream can break all records at the theater in Anaheim, Calif., smack dab in the middle of Orange County. The Beach Boys and the Maharishi flop even before John Lennon and Paul McCartney rank him, even if gently. Nobody goes to baseball games any more and the Box Tops play a suburban arena and lay a bomb while Jimi Hendrix keeps on packing them in all over.

The programming of KMPX which catered to the educated listener with rock that was tasty, turned radio executives' heads all over the country so that now there are "underground" stations springing up (underground) everywhere. "Hello out there, you radio underground listeners, this is radio free wowieeee!"

The capability of American media to commercialize and exploit is almost as unlimited as American industrial power.

Despite the ghettos and the poverty, this is an economy of abundance and the great mass of rock fans come from homes of ease and plenty. Problems, any problem from taste to politics, are work to solve and work's a drag, so it's better to turn on and goof. The trouble is that it doesn't really work out that way in the hard corridors of real life.

Down beneath it all the shuck ends. The real triumphs and the phonies are revealed. Long hair does not a hippie make nor scraggy beard a knave. Beads and buckskin can burn you as bad as crew cuts and button down collars.

"I never trust a dealer till I've smoked what he's brought," the Lone Ranger said recently and the world, as Leonard Cohen sings, is full of dealers.

Don't be afraid to have taste, the man says, and don't be afraid to defend it. If it feels right, it's right and if I demand the right to dress as I please because clothes do not make the man, then you have the right to dress as YOU please, even if this means a three-button suit.

At no time in American history has youth possessed the strength it possesses now. Trained by music and linked by music, it has the power for good to change the world. That power for good carries the reverse, the power for evil.

Don't follow leaders.



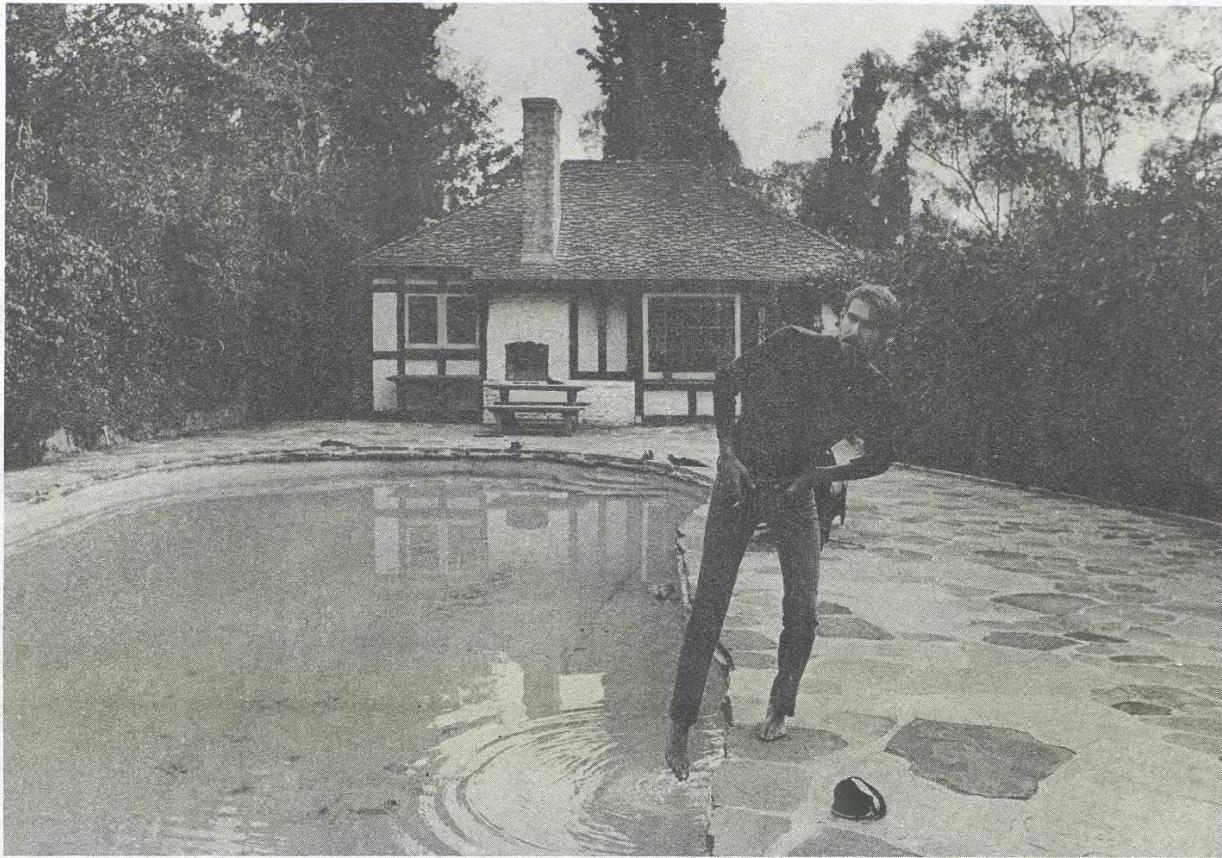
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A Special Report

LOS ANGELES SCENE



BY JERRY HOPKINS

LOS ANGELES

There are two often-quoted "definitions" of Los Angeles: (1) It is 70 suburbs, in search of a city; (2) It is a three ring circus in search of a tent.

So it is with the rock and roll scene—spread to hell and gone, 70 scenes in search of a major happening, and as clownish, amazing and freaky as a circus parade.

Los Angeles is many things. It is the city that created the surfing sound . . . the hot rod records of Jan and Dean; the saccharine songs of Sonny and Cher; the sandy-haired soul of the Righteous Brothers; the polyethylene parts of the Monkees; the intricate innovation of Van Dyke Parks; the Mothers of Invention and the late, early and middle period Beach Boys.

Los Angeles is home, today, for everyone from Ray Charles to Herb Alpert; from Tim Buckley to Don Ellis; from Phil Spector to Lou Rawls; from Glenn Campbell to Taj Mahal; from Johnny Rivers to Nancy Sinatra; from Lee Michaels to Chad and Jeremy, and from Nilsson to Elvis Presley.

It is headquarters for the Chambers Brothers, the Turtles, the Mamas and Papas, the Byrds, Paul Revere and the Raiders, Love, the Association, Canned Heat, the Ike and Tina Turner Revue, Steppenwolf, the Stone Poneys, the Doors, the Iron Butterfly, Clear Light and the United States of America.

It is where the Rolling Stones came to record once upon a time and where the Jefferson Airplane records now. Los Angeles is where there are 318 record wholesalers and manufacturers listed in the yellow pages, and where new ones appear on the scene each week. Los Angeles

is where Ravi Shankar has his school and where the Monterey Pop Festival was born. It is where there are hundreds of recording studios and where, apparently finding all of them in some way lacking, John Phillips and Brian Wilson built private studios adjacent to their Bel Air swimming pools.

Los Angeles is where clubs, and groups, change names, and management, on a fortnightly basis. It is a city crammed with writers, photographers, artists, critics, producers, marketing consultants, promoters, managers, publicists, messenger services, and at least a hundred other occupational categories—all of them devoted in part or wholly to the music business.

[MASTERS OF ARTIFICIALITY]

Los Angeles is a relaxed and relaxing city, veined with canyons where musicians and artists live. It is also "uptight plastic America," crawling with buyers and peddlers of flesh and the masters of artificiality.

You must understand geography.

They come to L.A. to hang out, to organize new groups and audition at the Troubadour on Monday nights, to hole up in a canyon and write songs, to gig at non-union clubs for a percentage of the door or merely for the chance to be seen. They figure if they are within walking or driving distance of a studio or pressing plant (rather than in Salt Lake or Omaha) it is easier to get heard, get signed, get rich. Which is true (in a limited sense), for more acts are "discovered" or "created" in L.A. and more records are cut in L.A. than in almost all other cities of the world combined.

The most complex, and simplest, scene is the Record Company Scene.

It is a series of paradoxes: thieving and magnanimous (usually this is motivated by greed, but magnanimous nonetheless), tasteless and talented, shambling, funky and computerized. There is a sense of intimacy at some companies (like Elektra) and a 1930's showbiz style—somewhat uptight today—at others (like Capitol). It all becomes simple when you realize records are like widgets to those who keep the company books. Everyone who works in a widget factory spends a good slice of his life trying to convince everyone his is the best widget factory in town. It rarely is.

[THE COMPANY FREAKS]

There is, however, a peculiar kind of guerrilla warfare being conducted within this scene. At the moment, the concept of "company freak" is extremely popular. These are also known as "house hippies," the record company's equivalent of the "necessary Negro." They are there by invitation and although their titles are euphemism at best, they are assigned specific responsibility—sometimes involving talent acquisition and producing, but always including flackery.

Andy Wickham, for example, is the "company freak" at Warner Bros.-Seven Arts and Reprise. Since this young Englishman joined the company founded by Frank Sinatra and featuring Trini Lopez and Dean Martin, Reprise has signed the Fugs, Arlo Guthrie, Tiny Tim, Ramblin' Jack Elliott and Jimi Hendrix, while WB-7 has added Van Dyke Parks and the Grateful Dead.

These groups most likely would have signed with the company without Wickham. It isn't important, because Wickham represents a "type" considered by many to be necessary. Derek Taylor, who is the spiritual

progenitor of the hip record scene in L.A., was A&M's first-person contact with the underground before he returned to England, and now that position is filled by Michael Vosse. Nick Venet is thought to be Capitol's "company freak." And David Anderle, who is now in charge of Elektra's West Coast office, was a "company freak" at MGM two years ago, a company that is "freak-less" today.

In the area of hip flackery, the "company freaks" more often than not deal with the underground newspapers—a medium most record companies consider important. So the companies, acting through the staff long-hairs, make it more than easy for the *Los Angeles Free Press* and *Open City* writers to attend recording sessions, interview musicians, etc., while, of course, the underground press turns around and pays its printer with record company advertising money. In L.A. the so-called underground (Anderle prefers to call it the "barely-above-ground") and the Establishment indulge in a lot of mutual back-scratching.

[EDIFICES AND WAITERS]

Despite the popular notion, the record companies do not form a monolithic bloc. Each is different from the other, in fact, some so far apart in style that they do seem to be a part of the same industry at all. The major record companies each have offices in Los Angeles, and several of them are headquartered there. RCA, MGM, and Columbia—all New York-based—have small to huge offices with representatives, salesmen, distributors and RCA owns a pressing plant. So do UNI, Mercury, ABC and a dozen others. But the "Los Angeles company" scene is one

—Continued on next page



The Doors



Steppenwolf



Billy James



Buffalo Springfield



Taj Mahal

LOS ANGELES SCENE

which revolves around Warner Brothers /Reprise; A&M; Elektra; West Coast; and the new Liberty.

Capitol, headquartered in Los Angeles, is a very old style, middle-of-the-road record company. It is the 1950's "stack of records" office, built like a pile of 45's. On the top floor, black leather chairs, a piano, a swimming ice-water and other nourishment out of silver pitchers to the variety of executives. The reason for the lack of business is such that one wouldn't know it was record except for the framed photo of the company's stars—the Beach Boys and Buck Owens.

The strange thing about Capitol, of course, is that they have the Beatles under contract. The group is still

an absolute mystery to them, and they have only the faintest idea that they are "something different."

A&M, for some perverse reason, is one of the "talked about" companies. The reason is that their bread mainly comes from Herb Alpert & the Tijuana Brass, Simon & Garfunkel, the Byrds, Mama Cass, Buffalo Springfield and other things like that. They're recently built a new studio in the film district (formerly Charlie Chaplin's), and have enough construction going on to seem like they'll be the most popular time in every direction. They have signed some young acts, but nothing yet has been successful.

Perhaps it was the presence of David Tazzer which gave A&M, never the innovators, the power to punch out numerous novus-purple picaboo's and releases for all their acts, and to keep them on the market. Jimi Hendrix under WB/Reprise contract. (It is a minor maximization that all the records of The Beatles, The Beach Boys and Hendrix should all be one label.)

Warner executives are a friendly solid group—Joe Smith, Joel Friedman, Moe Austin and Stan Cornyn are the ones who run the show, and travel all over the place as well—and know where they want to move their company. They are so sure of themselves that they will be a very major label in just a few years time.

WITH THE RECORDS INCREASES,

The artistic side of the record companies is in the studio. Back in the days when Phil Spector was buying records by the hour, the studio of the hour—Gold Star was The Studio. This was where Spector took the Righteous Brothers, the Ronettes and countless others to record their hits. It is where Sonny & Cher recorded "I Got You Babe." The Boys spent thousands of dollars on "Smile," a record Brian Wilson directed and produced. (Something about believing it was "magic fire music" and that it would catch the city to its down.)

Today, The Studio is Western, although it is the best. The best! "Best" probably goes to Elektra's new studio, not yet ready for use but already sporting Persian rugs and

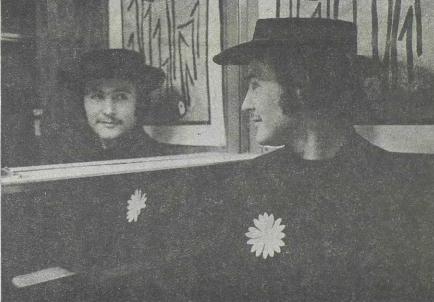
—Continued on next page



Phil Spector



The new Byrds



David Crosby



Zig Marshall



Frank Zappa



The Beach Boys

paisley baffles; when ready, this facility will be available only to Elektra artists and what Anderle calls "an invited few we'd like to have say they recorded here.") Western is a large, square one-story structure on Sunset Boulevard, near the Columbia film lot. It is gray and old and unattractive, and hourly rates go up to \$104, making it the highest-priced studio in town. Warner Bros. and Reprise record all their acts there. The Mamas and Papas use Studio #3, considered by many in L.A. to be the finest room available.

(The reputation—or charisma—surrounding Studio #3 is so great, in fact, that someone else in town, Wally Heider, built an exact copy of it and called it Studio Three. It, too, is booked solidly.)

In the studios, too, there is incredible variety. Western offers some carpeting and a lot of bare linoleum tiling, with the conventional pegboard style of "paneling" while Elektra (already mentioned) presents a studio atmosphere that demands the presence of incense to make the picture complete, and A&M took its cue from old movie days (a natural, since it quarters in Charlie Chaplin's old studio and residence) and put a chandelier in the studio lobby, another in one of the control rooms.

[LAQUERED SEBRING HAIRCUTS]

Another scene, closely related to the record company, is the Party Scene. Dozens of reviewers and music trade writers and fan magazine editors and photographers have offices in Los Angeles and the music industry seems to feel it must offer these people not only a five-foot shelf of wax and acetate each week, but also a tight social calendar. Any excuse, or none at all, is reason for a press party.

It used to be that every sponge in the music business attended these functions with what seemed to be little more than a desire to get drunk. Today—with, again, the so-called underground so prominent a part of the music scene—there is less booze consumed, more "getting one's head ready" before leaving home.

(Current, and a continuing, headquarters for the boozing musical type is a chianti-bottled and plastic-cushioned restaurant in Hollywood called Martoni's. The Sinatra clan eats here, sitting in the larger back room. In the front room sit or stand the disc jockeys with their lacquered Sebring haircuts tossing down drinks and anchovies, laughing it up with publicists and record promo men who "must" pick up the tab.)

(Slowly, however, a new style of promotion man is being created—one who supplies caps and tabs of LSD rather than booze. But he's still a promotion man and that makes him twice as bad, nay, evil, when fooling around with LSD, a far cry from booze.)

It also used to be at the L.A. record party you'd hear the most hyper-minute—with record company promoters hyping disc jockeys (who stood around, preening and hyping each other), while agents and managers and publicists and record company execs hyped anyone who came into view. Now there are increasing numbers of people from the underground present. Sprinkle the above with a number of teen fan mag writers, a few photographers, and the usual clot of hangers-on and you have cast your first record party.

[INFLUENTIAL PERSONALITIES]

You will not, by the way, find very many of the following at a record party. These are "stars" of the music scene, as well as some of the most influential personalities:

David Crosby: Since leaving the Byrds (and leaving them a more peaceful group by leaving), the fiercely Russian-looking Crosby has become a record producer (Joni Mitchell), sailor and, excepting record parties, the winner of the Man-You-See-at-Every-Gathering Award. Because he "hangs out" so much, there is a tendency to think he isn't producing much. In a sense this is true. Yet, he is an integral part of the L.A. scene—thanks, largely, to his track record as a musician, but also because he is so volatile and opinionated.

Marna Cass: Cass Elliot runs a close second to Crosby in the non-paid public appearances race. She helps open new clubs (such as the Kaleidoscope) and enjoys attending opening night performances. Back in the days when the Mamas and Papas were promoting "California Dreaming," she introduced herself to TV producers as "the mover in the group." She still moves (is launching a career as a single, among other things), but in this case it is quite often the case of the young dowager queen who comes to the scene, rather than have it come by command to her.

Terry Melcher: Doris Day was once described as Hollywood's "solid gold virgin," but 25 years ago she produced a son. Today this only offspring is one of the highest-paid record producers in the world. With the royalties from several Columbia albums behind him—among others, the early Byrds—he now is involved with the Beatles' production company, commuting from London to L.A., where he scoops up songwriters (Pam and Greg Copeland of the Gentle Soul) and the like, to fly over the pole back to Apple again. Terry has not yet, and probably never will, turn about and produce his mother.

David Anderle: "I always think of David as a painter," says a friend, and this, too, is what David thinks of himself. But almost (emphasis on almost) every day he appears at one time or another in his office at Elektra—an office that has a rug that bounces like a trampoline when you cross it, a large round table (no desk) and a patio. Anderle's common costume includes a wide-brimmed felt hat, an almost Mexican mustache, some suede and cowboy boots. His capacity is right-hand man to Elektra president Jac Holzman, and, by extension compadre to the Doors.

Lou Adler: If there were a pecking order in L.A.'s "hip" music world, this man would be thumb-wrestling with only a few others for top position. Founder of Dunhill and Ode Records, producer of the Mamas and Papas, and, with John Phillips, the elated (1967) and frustrated (1968) force behind Monterey. He is an extremely difficult man to find, harder to get to talk—unless you are in his thumb-wrestling league. Adler, definitely a Specter-like success in the biz, still can't stay out of it and operates his new record label from his half-built Bel-Air home. It's pink.

Peter Tork: When Stan Freberg shows up on the set of the Monkee movie, this is the Monkee he is there to see . . . to talk about a "symphony" Tork has written, among other things. Tork, folksinger-turned-teen millionaire, also appears regularly (and without pay) at the Monday night "hoot sessions" at the Troubadour—to sing and play and laugh at Monkeedom. By definition, the Monkees are in another world, but they are honest people, after all, and do fit into the scene quite well.

Frank Zappa: Derek Taylor once advised a friend to "create and preserve the image of your choice." He did not say it to Zappa, but Zappa followed the advice—superbly—and the image he created was Freak. "He looks like a dying tree, with suspenders," said one writer . . . and presumably, the Mothers of Invention form the rest of the Black Forest. Zappa is considered a genius, although it is certain he thinks this appraisal is a cruddy one. Zappa, in a word, eats it up.

Brian Wilson: Brian recently painted his Bel Air home purple, then repainted it bright yellow when the neighbors complained. And then there was the time he pitched a tent in the living room. These are the stories you hear, and however true they are, there still is Brian's music to listen to—and that makes the stories acceptable.

Jim Morrison: A young man who went to the UCLA Film School and became a teenage idol, not in film but in music. Morrison is the one you hear the "story of the week" about now (succeeding Brian Wilson in the gossip corner) and the Doors are one of the highest-paid groups in the world. Morrison says he would rather be back singing in the Whiskey.

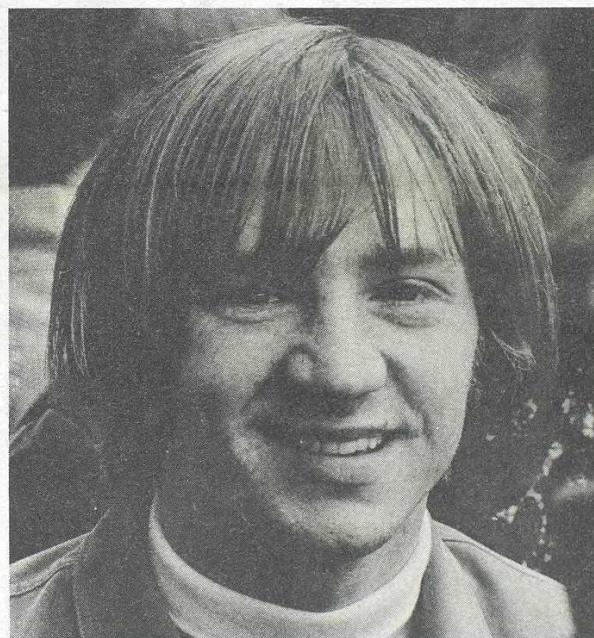
Barry McGuire: Rock and roll's

LOS ANGELES SCENE



Cass Elliot

JIM MARSHALL



Peter Tork

personification of the "back to nature trip." If the gathering is under the skies (Love-Ins, etc.), McGuire will be there with his family and friends, taking his clothes off and getting busted too often to be amusing. McGuire thinks this is a drag, but remains the same.

Phil Spector: The grand old man of distinctive arrangement and rock, who comes out of semi-retirement periodically to scatter pearls before TV cameras—and while doing so, destroy all challengers by a subtle style of two- or three-upsmanship. He has a fancy office building on the Sunset Strip only three minutes from his 24-room Victorian mansion. He feels he's done it all, and he stays home.

[RETRENCHING KALEIDOFOLK]

The excitement of the night club scene seems largely past, but today it also appears to be reawakening, in the San Francisco "dance-concert" form.

Sunset Strip still hasn't recovered from the blow it received over a year ago—"dirty kids rioting," said the restaurateurs—few clubs are beginning to stir again. The Trip (formerly the Crescendo) and Ciro's (later It's Boss and still later Spec-

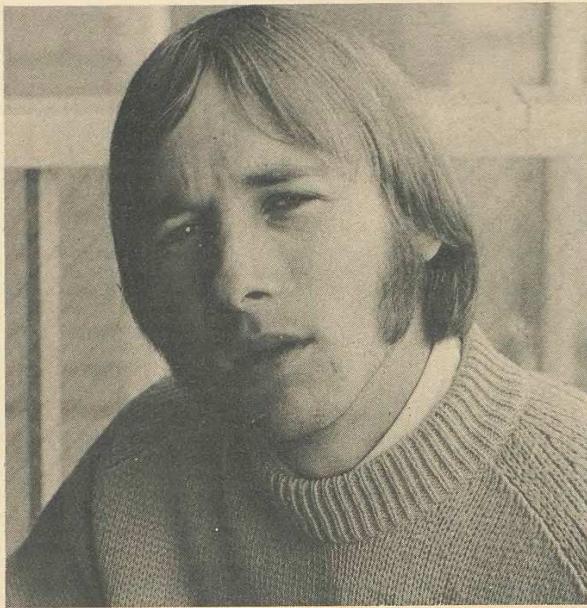
trum 2000) remain dark, but inside the old Moulin Rouge (later the Hullabaloo and now the Kaleidoscope) the Nachtmusik scene of Los Angeles may be coming together.

Kaleidoscope (capacity: 1,468) is operated by two former William Morris agents, John Hartmann and Skip Taylor. Just short of a year ago they tried to open the Kaleidoscope in another building, but a neighborhood fear of long hair forced a court order killing this plan. The "Kaleidofolk" entrenched, found some backers in New York, and took over the old Moulin Rouge.

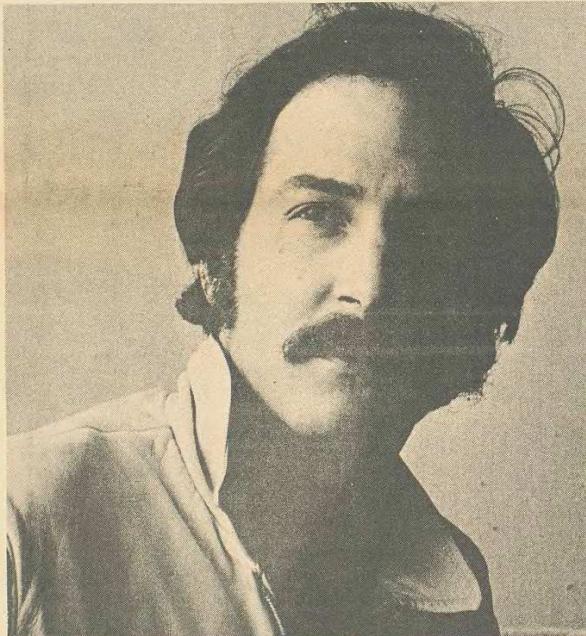
The club featured a 360-degree light show and a nearly perfect sound system that included the largest public address system outside Radio City Music Hall.

Miles away to the west is the Cheetah, the huge (capacity: 3,750) old Aragon Ballroom on Venice Beach. Generally regarded a bummer, largely because of its small, outdated light show and acres of stainless steel flanking the dance floor, it is, nonetheless, attracting as many as 2,000 young people on Friday and Saturday nights—if, of course, the group is right (Butterfield, Doors.)

LOS ANGELES SCENE



Steve Stills



David Anderle

MacLean (Love), Joe Larson (Merry-Go-Round), Micky Dolenz, Joni Mitchell, A&M's Michael Vosse, Elektra engineer John Haney, Phil Austin and Phil Proctor of the Firesign Theatre, Andy Wickham, Elektra producer Barry Friedman (who shared a home in the canyon until recently with Paul Rothchild), Carol King (Goffin and King), and a dozen others of this musical, house-hopping fraternity. It is also in Laurel Canyon that Eric Burdon has a home, and Frank Zappa just bought the old Torn Mix house.

The attraction of the small store, with a cleaners and tiny restaurant nearby, is social as much as culinary. It is here where dates are made, new homes are found (on a bulletin board or through friends), grass might be scored, and where you usually get some sort of vague answer to the question, "What's happening?"

[BILLY OF RIDPATH DRIVE]

"If there were more mobility in this town," says Billy James, a personal manager and music publisher who lives just up the hill from the store, "the Canyon store would look like MacDougal Street on Saturday night."

Billy lives on Ridpath Drive, a steep twisting road that puffs to a dead-end after dividing 50 or 60 small frame houses slammed up against the mountainside. An afternoon stroll along his block reveals the essence of canyon existence.

At 8504 Ridpath, where Billy lives with his wife Judy and son Mark, is a mailbox with a typewritten list of the legitimate addresses for 8504; there are at least 20 companies, groups and individuals on the list. Inside the house this day, the dutiful wife is preparing a 1 p.m. breakfast of hamburgers for Billy and for Jackson Browne, a singer-songwriter Billy represents. Between phone calls, in a small dark "office" cluttered with albums, photographs, collages, tapes and acetates, Billy talks about the canyon.

"I lived in Beverly Hills my first two years here," he said, "and then I moved into the clear air of the hills. It was either the hills or the ocean; both are here and it seemed silly not to live comfortably."

"I wasn't the first to move into Laurel, but there weren't too many here then—musicians and so on. Arthur Lee [Love] lived nearby—and that was about it. It's all happened in the last year or so. I don't know why, really. If creative artists need to live apart from the community at large, they also have a desire to live among their own kind and so an artistic community develops."

[THE DISTANT DRUMS]

As Billy talks, you hear someone in the near distance rehearsing. Billy explains it is the drummer for the International Submarine band. The drumming becomes louder as you pass the house and walk another few yards to 8524, Barry Friedman's home. There you find Barry listening to tapes he has just produced for Elektra. Outside and on a different level from the house someone is cleaning the swimming pool and in another room of the sparsely furnished but rambling house a young Canadian songwriter named Rolf Kempf is picking and singing quietly.

Billy turns up the tapes for a visitor and begins to hype the group, the Holy Modal Rounders. You can see his lips move and barely hear him as an earthside of sound fills the room from two huge studio speakers mounted near the ceiling. When the volume is cut, Rolf returns to his picking.

The following day Billy James is not home in the afternoon, but meeting with a record company. The house of the International Submarine Band is quiet as its members sleep. And Barry Friedman's home is asprawl with musicians listening to albums and rapping—several of those present being the members of the Buffalo Springfield, wondering what's next.

[HOUSEHOPPING EARTHWORMS]

Laurel Canyon has been described by pop writer Richard Goldstein as a place where streets appear as if laid out by earthworms. And so it is. The earth is baked dry and verdant

with semi-tropical growth by turns, and the drives and trails knot endlessly—linking a community of sound.

(A footnote regarding the house-hopping mode of living in L.A., which can only be described as incestuous: before Barry Friedman and Paul Rothchild moved into what is now Barry's home, the tenant was disc jockey B. Mitchell Reed . . . who, in turn, now lives in David Crosby's house in Beverly Glen, while Crosby commutes to his boat in Florida . . . and Barry's old house, in Hollywood, is now inhabited by Doug Weston, owner of the Troubadour.)

Topanga Canyon is a stranger and somehow gentler place, removed from Hollywood and the center of the scene by almost 20 miles. (But still in L.A.) Say "Topanga" to someone in L.A., and the first-word-you-think-of response is "hippie." But Topanga carried Goldwater in 1960, and the American Legion post there is a powerful one. Still, it is where Linda Ronstadt and Bob Kimmel of the Stone Poneys lived when the world began to spin. It is where Barry McGuire went to collect himself and began getting back to nature and where, today, in small frame homes against clay hillsides live two songwriters named Alexander (Gordon and Gary), Chris Hillman and Kevin Kelly of the Byrds, and the old Buffalo Springfield's Steve Stills.

Laurel Canyon is the sort of canyon where you'd expect to find (and will find) a lot of motorcycles. Topanga Canyon is the sort where you'd look for horses. Both these means of transportation are popular among the music-makers who live in these canyons: bikers in Laurel, horses in Topanga. (VW campers in both.)

[IMMEDIATE MEDICAL ATTENTION]

Los Angeles is a strange town, seeming at times as if it were made in Japan and shipped here in small parts, then assembled by a committee of capricious drunks. But it has a pull, an attraction that may often (if not always) be related to—but somehow a little stronger than—the record company and the money it represents.

Frank Zappa, after living for 18 months in New York, returned to Los Angeles in May. "New York is a good city to make money in," he said, "but I can't write there. I have to be in L.A. There's something very creative here."

Roger McGuinn of the Byrds says the music scene suffers some from the city's unusually beautiful climate, its "terribly relaxed attitude," but Derek Taylor thinks those points make L.A. valuable. "This town makes no demands on you and it offers you everything good," he said. "There seem to be 30 hours in every day and eight days in each week. There is a leisurely pace, but a pace of getting it done. It's all here—the best facilities, the best climate. You don't have to leave L.A. on business, you know, unless you like to travel on business; everyone you know or like wants to come here. Even the Beatles, who never go anywhere."

There are others who feel Los Angeles is not yet the blossom Derek says it is. Michael Vosse feels the earth in Los Angeles is "in need of immediate medical attention." "It's sick," he said. "The business is sick and we have to keep attacking and working to make it well."

While John Hartmann, manager of the Canned Heat and one of the Kaleidoscope owners, says, "The L.A. music scene is almost an unborn child. It's a whole new thing today. The industry is generating product at an incredible pace, and new groups and new record companies are appearing hourly. I believe the L.A. scene started with the Buffalo Springfield and I think the Doors really kicked off this new era. Now stand back and watch out!"

So as L.A. trots from club to club by night, from studio to studio by day, or hides out in a canyon to rehearse and write, the scene begins to unfold. The many scenes haze softly at the edges and begin to overlap.

[PINNACLE AT PINNACLE]

More miles away, in another direction, downtown amid used car lots and on the fringes of the USC campus, is the Shrine Exposition Hall, scene of L.A.'s first Freak Outs (featuring the Mothers of Invention) two years ago. Now it is one of "the scenes" one or two weekends each month when Pinnacle Productions stages its dance-concerts. Here, good music (Cream, Hendrix, Traffic, Airplane, Buffalo Springfield) mixed with a good light show and good vibes make anything Pinnacle does the best stuff on the music calendar.

These are the major clubs or dance halls. There are other sources of live music—the Santa Monica and Pasadena Civic Auditoriums, the Music Center in Anaheim and the Hollywood Bowl, along with a number of smaller clubs such as the Troubadour and the Ash Grove (largely folk houses), the Golden Bear in Huntington Beach (top name folk and rock), and on the Sunset Strip, the Whisky a Go Go (top name groups), the Galaxy and Gazzari's (lesser-known acts).

Only on weekends do most of these clubs record a profit, and many are

even closed during the week. The club scene in Los Angeles, although once again promising, is not what it once was.

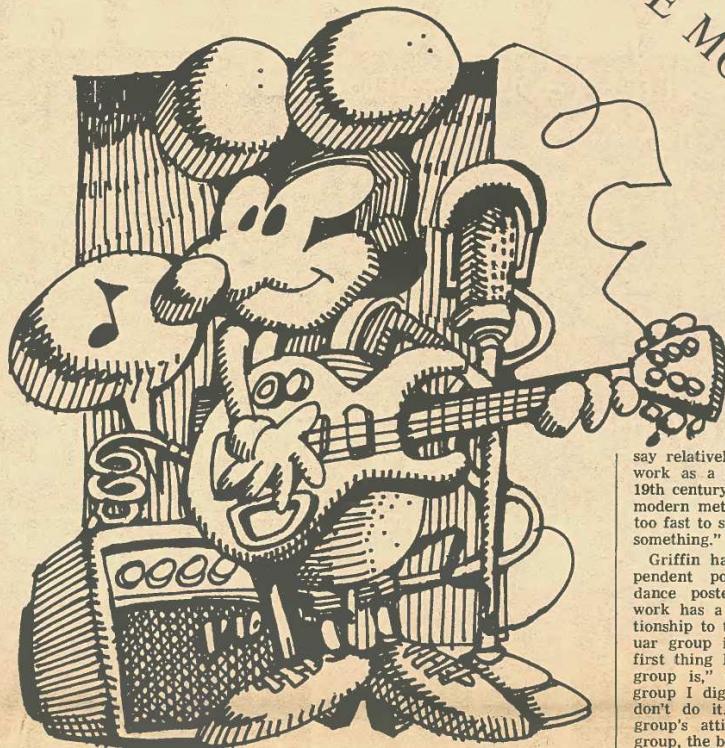
[THE CANYON SCENE]

It is the canyons—Laurel and Topanga, especially—that house the people who make the music. Laurel Canyon is a paisley gash that runs from Schwab's on Sunset to the suburban San Fernando Valley, and Topanga Canyon is a dusty-woody pass leading from Malibu Beach to the same suburban sprawl. The environments in these canyons differ, but the people do not.

Van Dyke Parks calls Laurel Canyon "the seat of the beat" in his album *Song Cycle*, for it is here the music-makers create and rehearse, using the canyon walls as a natural baffle—and the neighbors don't seem to mind so much.

Stand on the wood porch outside the Canyon Country Store halfway up the hill and watch the neighborhood file in for supplies. In a few days time you will have seen members of Clear Light and the Turtles, Neil Young and Richie Furay (former Buffalo), Lee Michaels, Bryan

VISUALS: A MIND-BLOWN, CHAPLINESQUE MOUSE



BY THOMAS ALBRIGHT

There are any number of bright ways you could begin an account of Rick Griffin, but the important thing is that a sketch artist who not much more than a year ago was admiringly collecting work by the Big Four dance-poster artists has since made this the Big Five. His work is the most accomplished and turned-on of the lot.

Griffin is a soft-spoken, humble guy in his mid-twenties who still has some of the clean-cut, outdoor look of an L.A. surfer, under a mane of flowing sandy hair and full, flaring beard. He lives with his artist-wife, Ida, and their year-and-a-half-old daughter in the basement of an old frame house that backs up to the bare, grassy summit of San Francisco's Bernal Heights. The furnishings are simple and tasteful, the walls are painted in bright colors and there are posters everywhere, mostly Griffin's own work and old circus posters. Between the two there is a clear line of continuity. Griffin, probably more than anyone else now going, carries forward the great native American graphic art tradition of late 19th-century advertising and early 20th-century cartoons. He carries it to a logical culmination as a self-conscious tool to express archetypal symbols and a Bosch-like, psychedelic surrealism.

Griffin spent all of a year attending art school, the Chouinard Institute in Los Angeles, after going through high school and dropping out of junior college. He feels the only value of this period was having met his wife, who was also an art student there. But already Griffin was a cartoonist, strongly into the surfing scene. He began drawing for *Surfer* magazine when he was 16 years old.

"They didn't take my work seriously, so I couldn't take them seriously," he says of the art school syndrome. "I learned none of the things that are in my posters from art school. Basic techniques, things like lighting, I learned in high school."

The main influence of Griffin's graphic style are, he feels, obvious in all his work. The major one is cartoonists of the 40's and early 50's, "people who were drawing when I was growing up. Certain cartoonists have blown my mind as much as anyone in art history." Griffin specifically mentions Jack Davis and among current cartoonists R. Crumb.

The 19th-century flavor of Griffin's work is more the result of an influence in "attitude, rather than specific pieces," he said, the attitudes of painstakingness and anonymity. "They were not concerned with anything other than doing it."

A more direct inspiration has been the work of his wife. She still

draws, and has even produced a poster, but Griffin says her "studio" and her "thing" is the household kitchen. On a wall above a montage of hanging pots and pans runs a long shelf carrying a row of baking powder cartons, olive oil tins and all the other containers whose labels are filled with scrolls, ornate lettering and symbols in the great pop graphic style, old and new. Like the circus posters, they form a direct link with Griffin's work that hangs alongside.

Griffin also admires the work of the Austrian surrealist, Ernest Fuchs, and lastly, there has been the inspiration of the other, earlier poster artists, Kelley, Mouse, Victor Moscoso and Wes Wilson.

After leaving art school, Griffin spent six months in the L.A. area "hustling all kinds of cartoon jobs—they were low calibre stuff, with no gratification." Giving up on this, he traveled around through California and Mexico, "spending all my time drawing in sketch books." His "sketchbooks," though, are a far cry from the customary little line illustrations of Gold Rush towns or San Miguel Allende. The pages are filled with drawings in a tight, hard line that flows with incredible intricacy to form root-like tangles and hatchings, sometimes within larger organic forms that are part surrealism, part pop and all symbol, other times a whole page with lush foliage and twigs that suggest the way an insect might see his surroundings, the kind of landscape that later formed the environment for Griffin's poster of the peyote-eating Indian.

Griffin entered the poster-making scene quite by accident. He had watched the scene and collected, but "I though Wilson and Moscoso had the field covered." His own first poster was for an art exhibition by a family friend. When he took it to the printer, he ran into Gabe Katz, who asked him to do some pages for the *Oracle*.

Griffin has produced 40 posters in not much longer than a year's time, and his evolution has been rapid and remarkable. "When I first started, I knew nothing but black and white reproduction," he said. "I learned an incredible amount from the printer, who has been greatly responsible for the whole technological development in posters."

Griffin's early black-and-white jobs retain the hard, intricate, 19th-century engraver's precisionism of his earlier sketchbook drawings—"I was still learning the tools"—although this by no means suggests that their message wasn't coming through strong; his "Indian," one of the finest, resembles somewhat the famous "Blind Bontanist" of Ben Shahn, mind-blown instead of blinded, but at last having learned to live at one with his surroundings.

When color came into Griffin's work, it did so with a bright, flat richness that is not so much contemporary op or pop as an intensification of the popular tradition of 50 or 100 years ago. His images, though, were quite foreign to any period of advertising art, at least so far, consisting largely of hashish pipes, grass and pot plants, finely rendered in all their natural beauty: powerful symbols of fertility, of the earth, of naturalness.

In his most recent posters, Griffin has discovered the power of blue sky, not done in any literal way, but as the surrealists used it: flat, strongly lighted areas behind images which are part landscape, part biological, but add up to a sum that is on another level than its parts. The whole effect is graphically simpler; the images are more "cartoonlike," but they also seem to unfold and combine more freely out of unconscious processes. Major examples are the posters for the Quicksilver and Jimi Hendrix, Griffin's two favorites.

Griffin prefers working under pressure of a deadline, which is to

say relatively fast. He thinks of his work as a revival of the spirit of 19th century engraving art, but with modern methods. "My head changes too fast to spend months working on something."

Griffin has produced a few independent posters, but he prefers dance posters and feels that his work has a deep and definite relationship to the music of the particular group it is designed for. "The first thing I always ask is who the group is," he said. "If it's not a group I dig or am familiar with, I don't do it. I try to get into the group's attitude. The better the group, the better the poster is."

"It may be an advertising medium, but I don't mind fronting the music," he added. "The music is the source, it's music that keeps the whole thing going."

Griffin has also done a few album covers, his best so far a new one for the Quicksilver, and he hopes to get deeper into this field.

He is, justifiably, down on the financial aspects of the San Francisco dance poster scene. Local promoters have been paying \$100 per piece, a piddling sum for a week or two of involvements, including all the runs to the printer, and it's a miserly amount whether you consider the posters art or advertising. "If you turn it down, they just get someone else to do it," Griffin said. "If you asked for more, they'd turn every Tom, Dick and Harry loose."

There are royalties, but "the sales part is pretty well over," Griffin added. "The last royalty check was very small, and there will probably be no next one. But doing the posters is more important than the money. The Great Poster Trip is dead, but I'll continue to do dance posters, and this is all I care about."

Recently, he has turned out a lot of "small, quick drawings" in a surrealist comic style, centering on a Mickey Mouse figure who prevails in a mind-blown version of Chaplinesque innocence against cartoon symbols of conformity, repression and armed warfare that beset him from all sides; designed as a sequence to be rapidly looked at, they have the quality of a disjointed, collage-film. They restore to the medium the kind of universal meaning that pretty well disappeared from cartooning with the death of Krazy Kat.

This is really the key to the content of Griffin's work. "I just put into it what's in my head at the time. Depending on how universal it is, the more people relate to it. The symbols I use are simply things I've been confronted with in my own experience; I find they've always been coming through to everybody. When enough people experience the same thing, then the world is going to change."

THE GROUPIQUAKE

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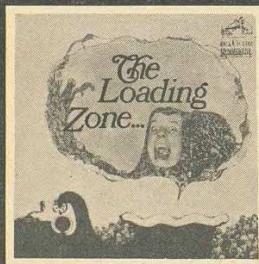
THE STATUS CYMBAL



AUTOSALVAGE



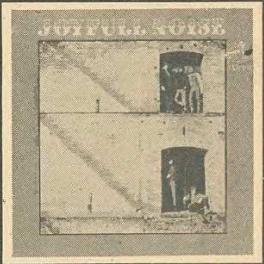
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THE FAMILY TREE



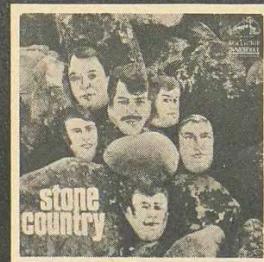
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ARE THEY MORE POPULAR THAN MAHARISHI NOW?



OUR CORRESPONDENT

NEW YORK

John Lennon and Paul McCartney returned to the United States for three days last week, to denounce the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. Through a press conference and the Johnny Carson Tonight Show, the two Beatles said their involvement with the Maharishi was a "public mistake." Lennon did not, however, indicate whether he thought the Beatles were more popular than the Maharishi now.

Lennon and McCartney also took the opportunity to generate interest in Apple Corps, Ltd., a four-part business project of theirs, including a record company, a film company, an electronics company and a marketing division. They were accompanied by the various heads of those projects, Neil Aspinall, Brian Lewis, Denis O'Dell, Ron Kass, Mal Evans and Derek Taylor.

At their press conference — which quickly became a rather boring affair except for the press ("see how they run, like pigs from a gun") — the only substantive remark either Lennon or McCartney felt like making about their new business endeavors was that they were going ahead because "We want to set up a system where someone doesn't have to go on his knees in somebody's office — probably yours."

According to those with them, the primary purpose of the trip was to publicly end their association with

the Maharishi. On television, McCartney amplified his remarks about the immensely tasteless Beach Boys-Maharishi tour: "On top of everything else, it was a flop." This sort of left the Beach Boys holding the bag, and Donovan holding his hand.

The television scene was the most amazing of all. Lennon and McCartney confronted Joe Garage (substituting for Carson), an ex-sports announcer, and a drunken and bitter Tallulah Bankhead. Miss Bankhead brought up the question of "how can one tell the girls from the boys" and also referred to the two singers as "you kids," both of which concepts were abandoned several years ago by most people of her age.

Whilst in New York, the Beatles caused the usual — only now more moderate — scenes that accompany them on their travels in the United States. A New York AM pop station (the one with the "Good Guys") did a whole arrive-at-the-airport number, so reminiscent of days past. In this vein, it is a pleasure to report that Paul is as dashing as ever and John has done away with his mutton-chop sideburns and mustache and now looks quite superb in a white suit and white bowler hat.

Publicity releases distributed at the press conference revealed the following information about Apple Corps: the Managing Director, and in overall control, is Neil Aspinall, the Beatles' long-time friend and former

road manager. Apple films has already made plans for four productions, including "The Jam," "Walkabout," "Gorgeous Accident" and an untitled film based on Lennon's two books, *In His Own Write* and *A Spaniard in the Works*. Lennon himself will do the screen adaptation.

The music division will be headed by an American, Ronald S. Kass, whose background includes music, accounting and Liberty Records. Already the firm is negotiating with stateside record companies for a distribution and manufacturing association. Apple Records already has underway the completing of a London recording studio, reputed to be the most electronically advanced facility extant today, featuring computerized mixing schemes for the multi-track machines. Apple Records' first release will be George Harrison's soundtrack for the film *Wonderwall*. The signing of American artists to the label is imminent.

A second London branch of Apple Merchandising is scheduled to open on May 22 in King's Road, Chelsea. Later this year, international franchises will be set up to spread Apple retailing across the world. The Apple Electronics division is headed by Alex Mardas, alternately described as "Magic Alex" and a "Greek Wizard." No one seems able to describe quite what Magic Alex does or will do, but it is generally agreed that he is a person to have around.

Although their new undertaking is almost strictly business, it will doubtless be carried out with a Beatles flair. Apple Corps, Ltd., has bought, for \$1.5 million, an 18th-century building on Savile Row for its headquarters, and one of its recent board meetings was held on a chartered Chinese junk.

While all are agreed that the Beatles' plan for their record company are fine indeed, knowledgeable music business observers say that labels formed by artists are fairly ordinary, but that what will really distinguish a new company is its desire and willingness to enter the distribution field, something Apple has not yet determined to do. It is the distribution end of the record business which fixes the high price of LP's (one which could easily be reduced by two or three dollars) and the real control of money. This latter part would really be the key to establishing a new way of doing things in the record business.

PICTURES NEXT

Unfortunately, time delays prevented the arrival of photographs of the Beatles in New York. We will make up for this in the next issue, with a special page of pictures of John Lennon and Paul McCartney.



DOORS, DYLAN, MAYALL, BEATLES,

CREAM, BYRDS AND SOME JAZZ

The Weekend Heavy

Baggott — Wilson — Ellis

Play It Like It Is

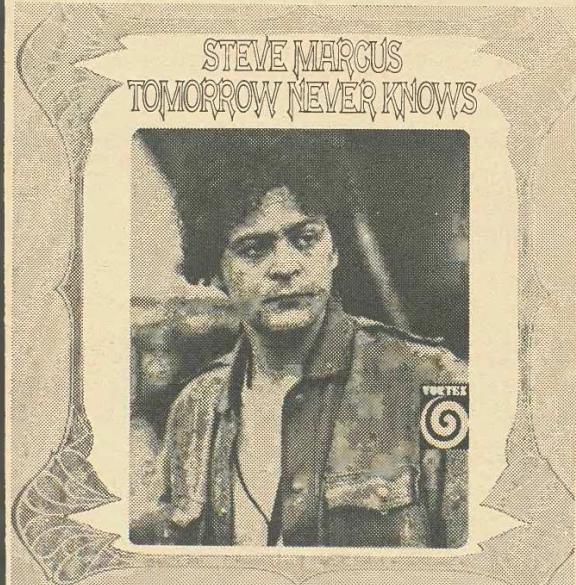
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Dylan Record?*Continued from Page 1*

sion the organist makes a lot of dancing figures around Dylan's vocal. It has the potential of being a great swinging rock and roll song, capable of sustaining a lot of tension between the rhythm and the vocal. The potential for a rock and roll treatment is not at all coincidental, as the theme is very much reminiscent of "Like a Rolling Stone" and "Positively Fourth Street," in that the subject is about a chick ("Mama") who let the singer down and will have to "find another best friend now." The statement and drama is not as harsh as those previous songs, in fact much milder in style, words and situation, but it is the familiar set-up.

Tiny Montgomery: The lyric strategy here is rather diffuse, about telling everybody in "old Frisco" that "Tiny Montgomery says 'Hello.'" "Everybody" is a collection of rather moderate freaks and non-descripts, and one can't help thinking that Dylan is taking cognizance of some of the more publicized aspects of San Francisco. The organ in this song does several hard-to-hear electronic bits and the vocal is backed a continual high-pitched chorus.

This Wheel's on Fire: A little Del Shannon piano in the beginning tips off the most dramatic and moving vocal by Dylan in this collection. The drums become clear for the first time on this song. It is a great number, possibly the very best by this group.

"This wheel's on fire/Rolling down the road;/ Justify my next of kin/This wheel shall explode."

The song is a very passionate love story ("You know we shall meet again/If your memory serves you well") about a woman who must inevitably return bound by a fate, to the man she has neglected but who has done everything he possibly can for her.

The style here is close to J. W. Harding, the aching and yearning is soul wrenchingly intense.

Ain't Goin' Nowhere: "Get your mind off wintertime." This song like many of the others and much of John Wesley Harding could be characterized as part of Dylan's continuing advice to calm down, smile on your brother, let's get together.

I Shall Be Released: Curiously enough the music in this song and the high pleading sound of Dylan's voice reminds one of the Bee Gees. It is one of the few songs on the tape with an instrumental break. "They say every man needs protection/They say every man must fall/ Yet I swear I see my reflection/ Someplace so high above this wall."

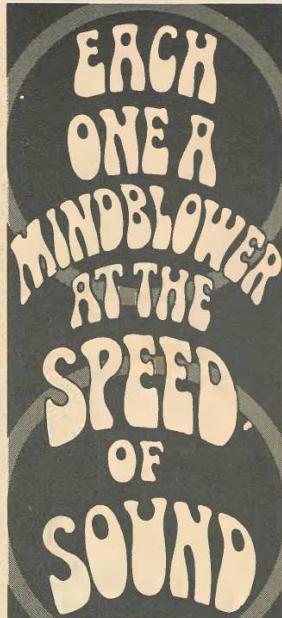
Tears of Rage: This is a very sad and a very confusing song. I'm sure you will understand it when it is recorded and released by some artist. "Why must I always be the one."

Quinn the Eskimo is familiar to most in the version by Manfred Mann. Dylan does the song slower, does use flutes, but doesn't make the great differentiation between the verse and the chorus. "Mighty Quinn" is the most obvious of these songs to give a full-blown rock and roll treatment.

Open the Door Richard: "Take care of all of your memories/For you can not relive them/And remember when you're out there/ You must always first forgive them." This is a light, swinging song.

Nothing Is There: If this doesn't prove Dylan's sense of humor, little will. This sounds like 1956 vintage rock and roll; the piano triplets (Dylan himself playing, I'm sure) are a direct cop from Fats Domino's "Blueberry Hill." Dylan is one of the few rock and roll artists who uses both a piano and an organ.

The last song gives interesting insight into the nature of this unreleased Dylan material. Even though he used one of the finest rock and roll bands ever assembled on the *Highway 61* album, here he works with his own band, for the first time. Dylan brings that instinctual feel for rock and roll to his voice for the first time. If this were ever to be released, it would be a classic.



RECORDS:



Lumpy Gravy, Frank Zappa (Verve V6 8741).

Lumpy Gravy is the most curious album Frank Zappa has been involved in to date, and in many ways the music just doesn't make it; as it says on the cover, "a curiously inconsistent piece which started out to be a ballet but probably didn't make it." The record was recorded in February of 1967, and Zappa conducts the "Abneuals Emuukha Electric Symphony Orchestra and Chorus," which is made of stray Mothers and some of Hollywood's top studio musicians. On the back of the album we are asked by Zappa, "Is this phase 2 of *We're Only In It For The Money*?" but *Lumpy Gravy* is hardly a sequel in quality or kind to *Money*, although it does share some thematic material with the later Mothers' group.

Lumpy Gravy carries to an extreme the protean, fragmented musical approach that Zappa favors, but on the whole the work is rather inert. The composition is liberally garnished with dialogues about everything from living in drums to pigs with wings, but most of these spoken sections seem rather artificially forced. There are several jabs at surfing music, and the record closes with an instrumental version of "Take Your Clothes Off When You Dance" that could have been arranged by the Ventures. In contrast some sec-

tions of *Lumpy Gravy* are so extremely chromatic that they verge on "atonality"; these passages are usually scored for strings and/or woodwinds, although towards the end of the second side an atonal passage for wind instruments is incongruously accompanied by a studio drummer.

Parts of *Lumpy Gravy* break down into cliched lush string writing, while other parts abound in burps and bits of electronic music not unlike sections of "The Chrome Plated Megaphone of Destiny."

Yet in spite of its varied tricks, *Lumpy Gravy* does not come to life; it is a strangely sterile recording, as though all the studio musicians reading their music could not do what a batch of well-rehearsed Mothers can do. Missing are the songs and the energy of the Mothers, with all their casually tossed off mistakes vocally and brilliance instrumentally; furthermore what Zappa has lost by not using the smaller Mothers he has not really gained back by using a huge orchestra. The texture of the music (and the scoring of the instruments, for that matter) is surprisingly conventional and even boring, especially if one is familiar with Zappa's love of burps, aimless dialogue and certain kinds of electronic music.

Nevertheless *Lumpy Gravy* is an important album, if only because Frank Zappa is one of rock's foremost minds. This album, recorded well over a year ago, demonstrates the problems that serious rock as a whole faces, as well as the compositional limitations (as of a year and a half ago) of one of serious rock's leading voices. *Lumpy Gravy* can hardly be called successful, yet it points the way towards more integrated, formal protean compositions such as Zappa's masterpiece *We're Only In It For The Money*. It might be said that Zappa makes mistakes other rock composers would be proud to call their own best music; *Lumpy Gravy* is an idiosyncratic musical faux pas that is worth listening to for that reason alone.

JIM MILLER



The Twain Shall Meet, Eric Burdon & The Animals (MGM 4537)

This latest album from what once was a powerful blues singer begins with the insipid hit-single "Monterey" and seldom goes anywhere after that (except, perhaps, out to sea).

The first side of this album is a downer; all five cuts feature a weak lyric or a melancholy one, or both. In "No Self Pity" Burdon presents an identifiable argument for humility but when he keeps saying, "no matter how slow you are, there is always somebody slower" (or faster, or younger), over and over again you begin not to give a dam. In "Closer to the Truth," Burdon even falls back on using an ineffectual echo.

The second side has three tracks. On the first, "Sky Pilot," Burdon begins to capture some of the vocal force of his past, but then hides behind heavy arrangement utilizing rhythm reverbs and flying horns — apparently something his producer Tom Wilson "discovered" recently; Wilson is using the same arrangement gimmickry behind (and on top of) several artists these days. "We Love You Lil" is essentially an instrumental — rather pleasant, but quite derivative. The final cut, "All Is One," could have been the high spot on the album (if there had been one) were it not for the (again) rather insipid lyric. It begins with bagpipes, dissolves into sitar and strings, closes with a bit of song-talk

backed by the sound of a goddam symphony, practically, closes with the sound of a flute. Nice arrangement, but that's all.

You wonder, in listening to this album, where the bellow went, when the strength of Burdon slipped away, and why. And then you realize that everything on this album was written by Burdon and Company. You remember that ever since The Animals became Eric Burdon and The Animals — and they began writing their own material — Burdon has been less than the headliner he claims to be.



Pure Cotton, The James Cotton Blues Band (Verve Forecast FTS-3038)

That's Alberto Gianquinto on keyboards, not Otis Spann. Gianquinto may just be the best blues pianist around, perhaps even better than the elegant Otis, whose virtuoso techniques he has obviously studied long and well. He works beautifully with the rest of the James Cotton Blues Band on *Pure Cotton*.

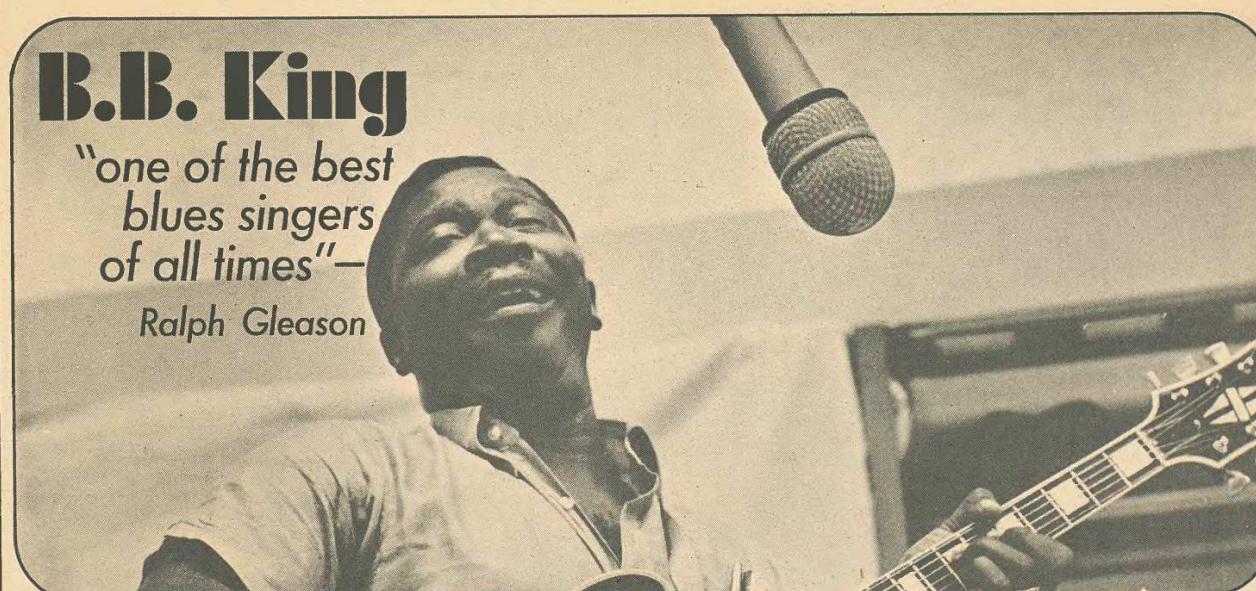
I make particular mention of Gianquinto, the only white cat in the band, in light of the "Great Racial-Shuck Controversy." Alberto obviously belongs here. He's a great Blues pianist with an exceptionally fine Blues group. The Blues is inside them and they know where it's at.

James Cotton played harmonica with the Muddy Waters Band for years and he's broken away from

B.B. King

"one of the best blues singers of all times"—

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...IS WHERE IT'S AT! RECORDS

Correspondence:

—Continued from Page 3

SIRS:

Since after one hearing (on tape at the Columbia Studio) I called Moby Grape's *Wow* the album of the year, I suppose I had better reply to Jim Miller's putdown. Additional listening has cooled my ardor somewhat — we Media Poisoners are sometimes guilty of enthusiasm too — but I still think it's a top-rate album. As Miller seems to share my prejudice for hard rock (do you dig Steppenwolf, Jim?) and my distaste for dumb experiments, I find his dislike of the record just a bit peculiar.

The first Grape album, unjustly ignored as a hype by a lot of foolish people, is classic hard rock, but not every cut is heavy rhythmically, e.g., "8:05." One reason it was so great was that it managed to do the eclectic thing while staying within the basic rock framework, which has to do as much with tight arranging and simple lyrics as with a heavy beat. *Wow* is much more eclectic — that is to say, it is the fashionable post-Pepper big production bag — but, it seems to me, manages to do obeisance to the recording studio without getting mucked up in it. Perhaps I just hear so much unadulterated shit that everyday intelligence sounds like genius. But the arrangements are tight, with most of the effects (exception: the crap at the end of "Bitter Wind") tastefully understated. In addition, the melodies are as great as ever.

The three Skip Spence songs are cute, but Miller doesn't say why the rest of the album is, and I think the cuteness works. (I am especially fond of "Motorcycle Irene . . .") The 78-rpm thing, on the other hand, is an unforgivable bummer. (Producer Dave Robinson told me I was right when I complained about this and said it would be changed. It wasn't.) The cuts that Miller brands as competent are up to the level of the first album, except that like the rest of *Wow* they are better engineered, which means that the voices don't fade into a meaningless blur when you take your volume knob off 10. And then there is Miller's hatred of Bob Mosley's voice.

I called Mosley the best white blues singer there is, another burst of pre-deadline enthusiasm. I apologize to Stevie Winwood right now. And to all the others who are in Mosley's level — Don Van Vliet and Elvin Bishop come to mind — sorry, too. But Mosley is awfully good, and if Miller thinks comparison to Tom Jones is a putdown, then he's confusing bad taste in material with bad voice, a rather unfortunate confusion for a critic to fall into. Mosley has great clarity and great grit, and he can be very loud, and what else is there? It's not folky-clear like Marty Balin or nigger-dirty like Howlin' Wolf, but he can come close to either. He could sing lead in his own group with no trouble at all.

In addition, *Grape Jam*, made in something like fifteen hours of studio time, is the subtlest pinprick of the long-cut shuck that I can imagine. Bravo.

BOB CHRISTGAU
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AIRPLANE GETS GOLD RECORDS



The Jefferson Airplane are pictured here obviously overwhelmed at having received an R.I.A.A. Gold Record for their million selling album *Surrealistic Pillow*. At the bottom of the picture is Ernie Altschuler, RCA Division Vice President and Executive Producer, Popular Artists and Repertoire.

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Mick Jagger

—Continued from Page 4

coming up. All I can say about it is that it's very good. It will be made here this year and is all music."

Mention of the Rock Revival and Bill Haley was the signal for much Jagger hilarity.

"That kind of rock and roll," he laughed. "The best kind was all the Little Richard and Chuck Berry that was part of every group's basic education. But Bill Haley?! You know what I mean?

"Really I have great sympathy with the Revival but all this stuff is not good enough. If what you are looking for is excitement you got to be able to find it in new things."

"If you are a groover and all you've got is all these ballads in the charts, I can understand you wanting to go back to rock and roll, but this is just living in the past."

"If Haley came up with a great new record it might be different, but all it is is hearing all the old ones again. It was all great at the time because it was everything that was happening then. But now, no!"

"I suppose somebody will start saying our new single is rock because it has a blues basis."

"I like to do blues very much and I like listening to people like John Mayall. But I don't get stuck on the blues. I couldn't have a blues band — we've already had one. I want one that can do other things as well."

"What does Mick listen to? 'I'm so involved with my own thing. I don't listen to too many other groups,' he says. 'I don't listen to the radio at home, although I do in the car.'

"Do I miss the pirates? I miss having more than one station. I think Radio One is all right, but in a city like London there should be room for at least five stations."

"There should be one playing the Top 40; one like Radio One; one all jazz; one for freak pop sounds, new things and American records; one playing classical music all day. There should be room for so many different sounds."

"If I want to listen to Stockhausen, Bach or Jimi Hendrix, I should be able to press a button and get the sort of music I want."

Mick yawned. "I'm tired, and we are recording again tonight. The rate we are going we are finishing two things a night—or almost finishing them. We don't like scrapping things when they are half done. We try and finish everything and then sort out the best tracks at the end."

"The B side of the single, 'Child Of The Moon,' we did with country piano and acoustic guitar. I rather liked it, but Keith didn't dig it. We did it another way, all more electric, and I must admit it turned out better."

"This is the point about being a co-operative group—you have to be, you can't do it any other way. It's just a case of understanding each other. You know what they all dig before you start working on it."

How does Mick relax outside working hours these days?

"I never go to clubs now," he says. "I stay home or go out, but not to clubs. I go to films, concerts or other people's houses."

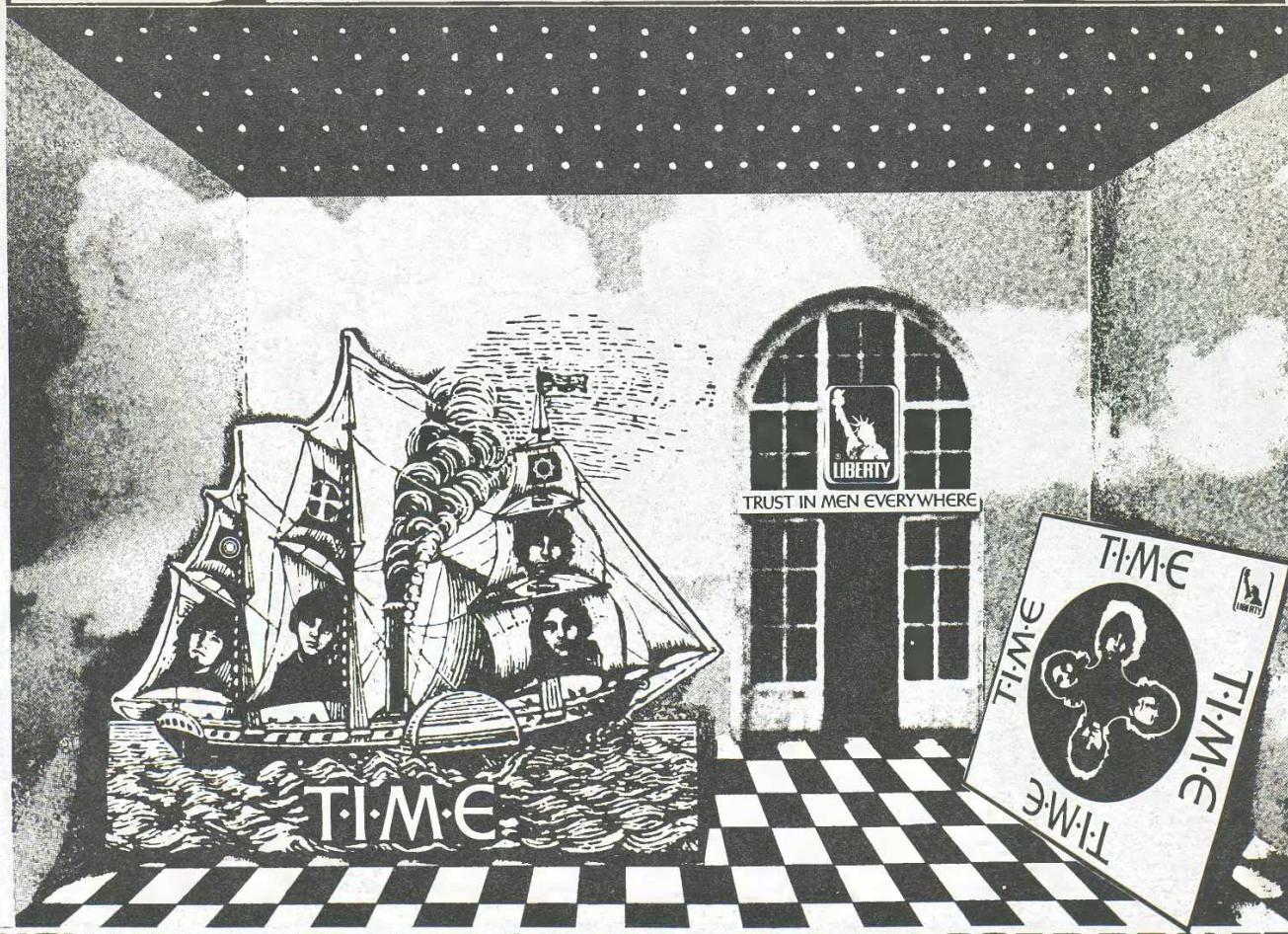
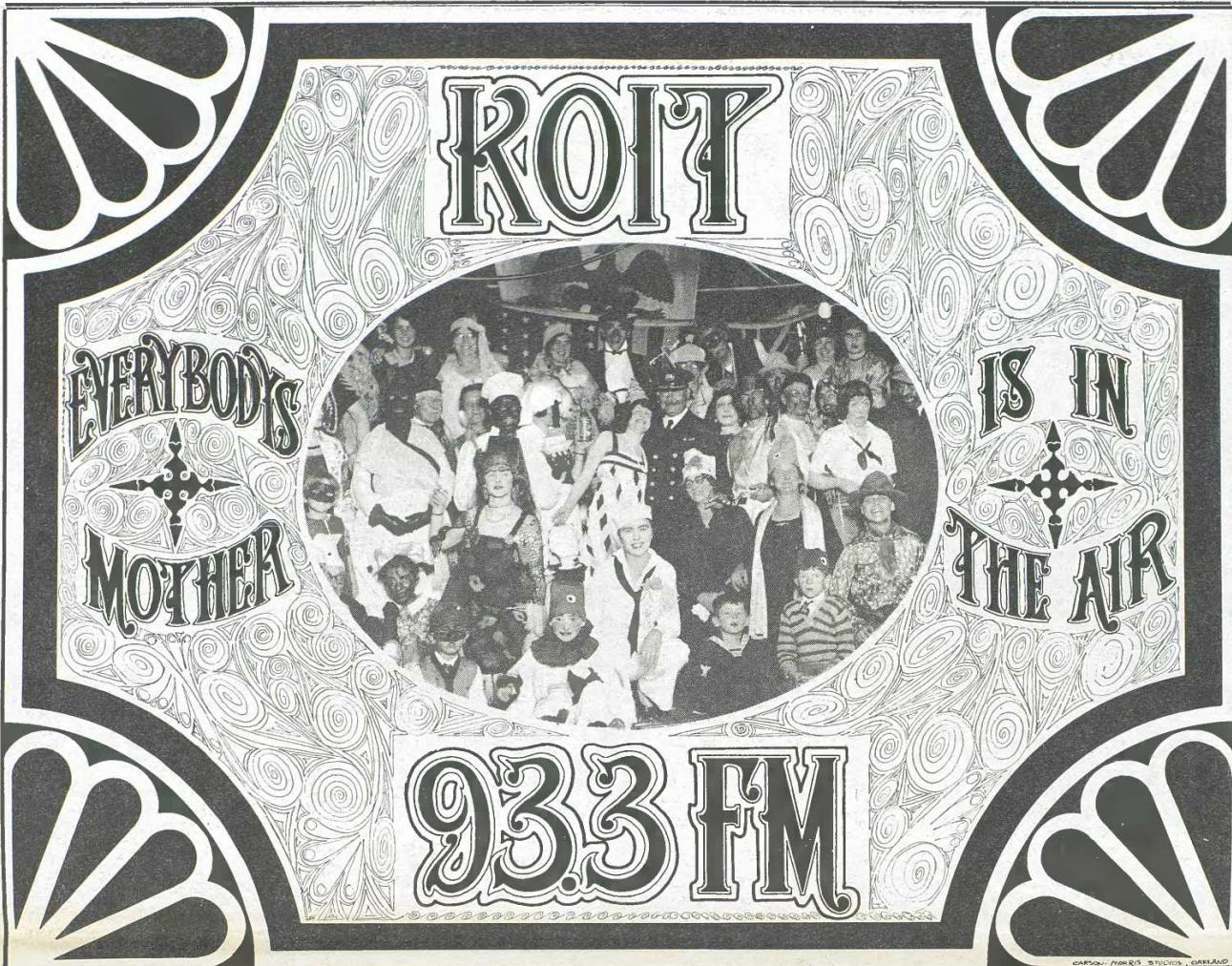
"I'm moving house next week. I've bought a house in Chelsea and I've also got a house in Hampshire, it's a huge great place."

"Cars? I've got an Aston Martin and a 1936 Cadillac. Oh, and a motor bike. I just got it to go across country. It's like a scrambler."

That seemed a pretty good image on which to leave Mick to rush off to his recording session. So if you see Mick Jagger roaring across the Hampshire fields on motor cycle it's all right, you don't need a trip to the funny farm.

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